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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE Message of the PRESIDENT of the United States to Congress confirms the statement that the Spanish Government has agreed to comply with the American demand for reparation in the matter of the *Virginus*. The conditions imposed were equitable, moderate, and consistent with the honour of Spain. The atrocity of the wholesale bloodshed of Santiago would excuse a demand for even larger concessions; but the Government of the United States has done well in treating the question as one of international law. The *Virginus* was well known to be the property of the Cuban insurgents; but nevertheless the vessel had an American register, and sailed under the American flag. The captain of the *Tornado* captured her at his own risk; and he or the authorities of Santiago were bound in the first instance to displace by sufficient proof the presumption of American nationality, which had been accepted by the English authorities at Kingston. The summary proceedings at the trial were incompatible with a legal inquiry into the ownership and character of the vessel, and consequently the American Government is justified in claiming the surrender of the vessel as a condition precedent of any amicable arrangement. The authorities in the United States are pledged to ascertain for themselves whether the *Virginus* was entitled to the use of the American flag; and it would seem that, if the capture is proved not to have been a violation of the rights of the United States, the apologetic salute to the American flag will not be enforced. The mode of proceeding which has been adopted involves the unavoidable inconvenience of being to a certain extent founded on conventional fiction. The indignation which is justly provoked by a gross act of inhumanity finds expression in a protest against a technical breach of international law. If the Cuban insurgents had possessed and used a recognized flag, the Spanish cruiser might have seized the *Virginus* without giving offence to any neutral Power. The accident that the rebels had not attained the rank of belligerents rendered the capture irregular; but it could scarcely have affected the moral quality of the transaction but for the judicial massacre which ensued.

The telegraphic summary of the Message contains two passages relating to the affair of the *Virginus*. The PRESIDENT appears to have stated in the early part of the document that the dispute "is now happily in course of satisfactory adjustment in a manner honourable to both nations." If American State papers were drawn up in accordance with the diplomatic customs of other nations, it would have been thought discourteous to enter at greater length into the merits of a question which had been satisfactorily settled; but the PRESIDENT, emulating the candour of his predecessors, afterwards recurs at much greater length, not only to the untoward event of Santiago, but to the policy of Spain and the condition of Cuba. He perhaps remembered that the controversy was not necessarily closed with the acquiescence of the Spanish Government in the American demands. It appears more than doubtful whether the local authorities at Havannah will or can surrender the *Virginus*; and the chances are against the punishment of the Governor of Santiago and of his accomplices in the execution of the prisoners. It is evident that, if the Government of Madrid is unable to comply with its undertaking, the American grievance will revive, and that it will have acquired additional force by the fact that it will have been officially acknowledged by Spain; and though it is difficult to understand how even the dominant party in Cuba can be rash enough to defy the power of the United

States, it is known that the execution of the prisoners was made the occasion of popular rejoicing, and that the strongest feelings of hostility to the United States have been expressed both at Havannah and at Santiago. Some allowance must be made for sufferers by civil war who know that for several years New York has been the base and headquarters of the Cuban insurrection. It is perfectly natural that the Spaniards should dislike the allies and abettors of their enemies; but prudence prescribes moderate language and conduct where revenge is impracticable or dangerous. If the perpetrators of the slaughter at Santiago escape with impunity, the PRESIDENT will undoubtedly urge upon Congress the adoption of hostile measures.

It is easier to reconcile the PRESIDENT's reference to the question of slavery with American usage than with the principles of international comity. The United States are not concerned in the maintenance in a neighbouring island of the institution which was abolished in their own country ten or eleven years ago. Only a few years before that time an American President publicly threatened to annex Cuba for the avowed purpose of securing the maintenance of slavery. It seems scarcely to be the business of General GRANT to complain of the conduct of "slaveholders who are vainly endeavouring to stay the march of ideas which terminated slavery in Christendom, except Cuba." It may be perfectly true, though the proposition might have been stated in simpler language, that the pro-slavery party in Cuba "seizes upon many emblems of power under professions of loyalty to the mother-country. It exhausts the resources of the island, and does acts at variance with the principles of justice, instead of giving a character of nobility to the Republic." It might have been thought sufficient for the PRESIDENT to give a character of nobility to his own Republic, without troubling himself about the resources of an island which belongs to another nation. It may be conjectured that his invective is intended to prepare the way for armed interference in Cuba if the promises of the Spanish Government are, through colonial obstructions, not fully redeemed. It is difficult to judge how far his personal disposition to interfere is supported by public opinion. The strong language of speakers and journalists proves little; but a meeting lately held at New York to urge the adoption of vigorous measures was attended by the Governor-General DIX, and the principal speaker was Mr. EVARTS. A short time must elapse before the feeling of Congress is expressed; and the policy to be ultimately adopted will probably depend on the decision of the Senate. The PRESIDENT has already used his legal power to the fullest extent by placing the navy on a war footing as far as the funds appropriated to the service were sufficient for the purpose. It is doubtful whether the Spanish fleet in the waters of Cuba is not superior to the despicable American force; but the result of a conflict would nevertheless be certain. If war should unhappily commence, it will end only with the complete victory of the United States.

The soundest and most prudent American politicians are doing their utmost to calm the prevailing excitement; not because they fail to sympathize with the just indignation of their fellow-citizens, but on account of the complicated inconveniences which would result from interference in Cuba. The loudest declaimers against the inhumanity of the Volunteers and of the local authorities at Santiago can scarcely affect to believe that the insurgents in the Eastern part of the island are more humane or more civilized than their adversaries. In Cuba, as in Spain, prisoners are as a general rule treated with extreme brutality;

and if an American contingent were to join the rebels, its commander would have to check the atrocities of his allies in much the same manner in which officers on the Gold Coast try to prevent their native auxiliaries from cutting off the heads of prisoners. An American intervention must be either temporary or permanent; and if it is limited in duration, it must end with the establishment of a Government of the Creoles now in insurrection, in the midst of a large number of liberated slaves, who have not acquired the rudiments of civilization. The new Republic would probably be even worse governed than the Colony; and the Government of the United States would be in a great degree responsible for its inevitable miscarriage. Sooner or later it would become necessary to resort to annexation, or, in other words, to add a million and a half of mongrel Spaniards and barbarous negroes to the governing community of the United States. It would be much better to patch up the quarrel on decent terms, and to leave to Spain the hopeless task of civilizing and governing Cuba. It may be collected from the Message that the PRESIDENT holds the contrary opinion.

THE EXETER ELECTION.

THE electors of Exeter have been informed by a local enthusiast that they have now the eyes, not only of England, but of Europe fixed on them, so intense is the interest of the whole civilized world in the momentous question who is to succeed Chief Justice COLERIDGE in the representation of the city. This may be so; but if it is so, all that can be said is that England and Europe are fixing their eyes on a very small matter. The Government will not be much helped or harmed whichever way the election turns, and the rest of the world will be still more slightly affected by it. It is an accidental election to return a member to an expiring Parliament. The contest lies between two second-rate candidates; it will be decided apparently on trivial issues, and it is being conducted with an amount of personalities, local bitterness, and bad jokes which must make a few fantastic people in Exeter wish that England and Europe would look in some other direction. Sir EDWARD WATKIN, if he represents anything, represents the railway interest, which certainly does not require strengthening in Parliament; and although the history of his Yarmouth election is now an old affair, and it would be too much to say that what he did or did not do at Yarmouth ought to disqualify him for public life, yet the memory of this Yarmouth business is a serious drawback to him. Still, of the two, he seems the better candidate. He has at least energy, fluency, good-humour, and a power of putting something into what he says. Mr. MILLS is feebleness itself. He has no opinions about anything. He keeps telling his hearers that he has a Devonshire wife, and that he thinks a man can do nothing better than obey the orders of his better half. He understands that under the present law, if two men blow their noses at the same time in church, they may be indicted for a conspiracy to annoy the parson; and if this is the law, as to which he owns he is wholly ignorant, he thinks the law of conspiracy ought to be amended. He has satisfied the publicans that they ought to vote for him by giving exactly the answers to a deputation which he saw they wanted. An amiable creature without any backbone is the spectacle which he offers to the inquiring eyes of the civilized world. Sir EDWARD WATKIN talks and laughs and flourishes away, makes the very most of himself, goes in for every popular hobby, offers to give Mr. ARCH twenty acres of land in Cheshire at a nominal rent, describes the steps he has taken to get nice houses built for railway servants, and always shows himself capable of reaching the highest standard of Exeter bad jokes. The kind of thing that delights the electors of Exeter and makes them so pleased to think that England and Europe are looking at them is after this fashion. Sir EDWARD WATKIN talks so much better than Mr. MILLS that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, on behalf of Mr. MILLS, thought it necessary to lessen the effect of his superiority by calling him a parrot, while he likened Mr. MILLS to that quiet, meek, but excellent bird, a partridge. To this Sir EDWARD WATKIN replied, that if it came to talking of birds, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE might remember that there was such a bird as an owl, and also such a bird as a goose; and finally, after a long criticism of Sir STAFFORD's public career and style of oratory, he got to calling him a

chirrupy, weak-headed bullfinch. Perhaps it might be thought that at Exeter, with the world looking at it, this would seem in rather doubtful taste. Not in the least. This is the regular Exeter style. Mr. BOWRING, who has sat for Exeter for five years, and who came down specially, though suffering from illness, to help Sir EDWARD WATKIN, and who must know what his constituents like, and who being in a state of debility could not have made elaborately bad jokes without an effort, went on in this style through the whole of a long speech. He accommodated himself heart and soul to Exeter, and offered what this cynosure of neighbouring eyes really likes. He described a Tory alderman as a trusty Tory, or at least as a Turnpike Trustee Tory. He spoke of the policy of the Conservatives in waiting to see what lies hid in the pigeon-holes of their predecessors in office as not exactly a Brummagem, but a Rummagem, policy. There is certainly no harm in such sallies, and as candidates must stoop to conquer, it is enough excuse to say that such is the price of victory at Exeter; but it is absurd to describe a contest fought with arms like these as a battle of the giants.

Imperial politics occupy but a very small part of the attention of the Exeter candidates. There is indeed very little to say about them at present. Constituencies are sick of hearing Mr. GLADSTONE abused and praised. What he has done has been criticized until criticism can do no more, and what he is going to do nobody knows. If any question of Imperial interest is touched on at Exeter, it is treated from what may be termed the village pot-house point of view. All discussion on the Ashantee war has become absorbed into the one issue as to which party is responsible for the official career of Mr. POPE HENNESSY. You sent him to the Gold Coast, is the Conservative cry. But you first sent him to Labuan, is the Liberal retort. So utterly are the candidates out of the range of general politics that Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN was had down special to give tone and dignity to the proceedings on the Liberal side. Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN is a man with a mission, and his mission is to be in love with the Ministry. He sees no imperfections or shortcomings in the object of his affections. He is capable of writing sonnets to Mr. GLADSTONE's eyebrows. He thinks Mr. LOWE never made any mistakes. He honestly considers the Zanzibar Contract a very creditable piece of business. Such a man is not often found, and when found it is natural that Government Whips should make a note of him, and send him down to far-away places like Exeter, where his romantic enthusiasm and innocent admiration may be supposed to be calculated to make some impression. To such a man, with such a mind, Mr. DISRAELI's speech at Glasgow must have been inexpressibly painful. What lover could stand hearing it said that his mistress limped and wore false hair? At Exeter Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN accordingly burst into a long denunciation of Mr. DISRAELI; and that there is much to be said against Mr. DISRAELI no one knows better than Mr. DISRAELI himself. But Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN dealt one blow which strikes with more painful force on the hearers and readers of the Glasgow speeches than even on Mr. DISRAELI. He tried to take our pink fly from us. He declares that Mr. LOWE never said anything about a pink fly at all; and he appeals to *Hansard*, the pages of which he has, he says, searched through in vain for anything that could justify Mr. DISRAELI's playful sentence. We can only remark with the French historian, so much the worse for the facts and for *Hansard*. At Exeter it will probably make no difference whether Mr. DISRAELI's jokes are justified or not. They are not in the Exeter line, where a different sort of fun is found more comforting. What the Exeter elector really cares about is not the Ashantee war, or Mr. LOWE's blunders, or the doings of Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. DISRAELI, but the abolition of Schedule D of the Income-tax. If only he could get enough jokes made for him of the Trustee Tory and chirrupy bullfinch calibre—jokes that he can catch easily, and that seem calculated to give pain to some one he knows personally—and if at the same time he could make his little profits without having to pay anything on them, the Exeter voter would be a happy man. It is needless to say that both candidates fall in with his views in a spirit of delightful promptitude. Mr. MILLS thinks the best way is that no one should pay any Income-tax at all, although he modestly owns that it has struck him, so far as anything can be said to strike him, that this would cause a hole in the revenue which it would take a clever man to fill up. But then it is not his business

to try to think how clever men would fill up holes, and so he can go heartily with the Exeter shopkeepers and agree that there should be no Income-tax. Sir EDWARD WATKIN knows too much of finance and is too accustomed to business to talk in this way. He is not the sort of man to own that if he makes a hole he cannot fill it up. All he asks is to be allowed to make the hole after his own pattern, and to take the soil to fill it up wherever he can find it handy. He thinks that those people who do not grumble at the Income-tax, or who do not make their grumblings heard, should go on paying; but that discontented people like shopkeepers should cease to pay. This is the hole he digs, and then he fills it up by suggesting that there should be increased duties levied on the inheritance of real estate. This is a great stroke of art. It opens a sort of heavenly vision to the groaning shopkeeper, and a parrot who suggests that an Exeter tradesman should not only pay no more Income-tax, but should also enjoy the spectacle of seeing a neighbouring county gentleman pay instead of him, may well expect to be thought a parrot worth a hundred partridges.

Sometimes, however, simplicity is wisdom, and Mr. MILLS has apparently got the licensed victuallers by merely saying Yes and No in the right places to their representatives; while Sir EDWARD WATKIN has lost them by resorting to an ingenious contrivance and attempting to get the Temperance people at the same time. He proposed that the whole subject of how much people ought to drink, and when, should be referred to a Committee of the House of Commons. Sir EDWARD WATKIN has been in Parliament, and knows what becomes in real life of subjects referred to a Parliamentary Committee; but how could he expect that humble Exeter voters should know anything of the sort? However, he miscalculated, and beer will have nothing to do with him. On the other hand he has got the railway servants, who have naturally been taken by the contrast between two pictures—one of the North-Western Board of Directors, of whom Mr. MILLS was then one, sternly refusing all compensation to the family of a most excellent guard who was killed by one of their engines; and the other of Sir EDWARD WATKIN, as Chairman of the Manchester and Sheffield Line, immediately on a guard having been killed, directing inquiries to be made and a handsome sum given to his bereaved family. The Bristol and Exeter Directors happen, it is said, to be mostly Conservatives, and anxious Liberals suspect that servants of this Company may possibly be exposed to some pressure. But, as Mr. EDGAR BOWRING explained, this will not signify. It is the beauty of the Ballot, as he told his humble friends, that a man may promise to vote Conservative, and then really vote Liberal. He will thus at once outwit his master and keep his conscience clear; and this is certainly a very considerable result for a mere piece of political machinery like the Ballot to have effected. In fact, except to the publicans, whom he just missed by a little over-finesse, Sir EDWARD WATKIN has made himself pleasant all round. It is needless to say that he is perfectly ready to give the franchise any day to women and agricultural labourers. There is nothing which the jovial type of Liberal would not give to any one. But Sir EDWARD WATKIN did more. He set himself to think what the actual women he had to deal with, the "ladies" who were waving their handkerchiefs to him, really cared about, and he was sharp enough to know that the franchise was not the uppermost thought in their agitated breasts. What they cared infinitely more about was the high price of coals and meat. He showed himself prepared to meet their views, and in fact it is impossible to conceive any one who could influence an election wanting anything without Sir EDWARD WATKIN being able to tell him or her how to get it. He explained to his fair listeners that coals might be made cheap by abolishing the law of entail, and meat might be made cheap by compelling landlords to compensate tenants for unexhausted improvements. This was not very philosophical perhaps, but it probably sounded to some willing ears as if it showed that by the simple expedient of Sir EDWARD WATKIN being returned for Exeter every scuttle would be filled and sirloins sold as cheap as shinbones. Perhaps, too, it may be said that exhibitions of jovial Liberalism are not very creditable to the party that seeks to profit by them. But then exhibitions of nerveless Conservatism are not more creditable; and the truth probably is, that an expensive contest for a seat that will only secure a place in Parliament for a few months is not very attractive to men of any kind of

mark. We have the comfort, at any rate, of thinking that on Tuesday next the contest will be settled one way or the other, and then we may rest our wearied eyes a little, and relax the tension of our gaze at Exeter.

FRANCE.

IF the Duke of BROGLIE's term of office lasts long enough, he seems likely to reject as a Minister every principle that he defended when in Opposition. Since the 24th of May he has been doing his utmost to discredit Parliamentary government. He has allowed an Assembly which is apparently at issue with its constituents to decide how France shall be governed for the next seven years, and it was only the Count of CHAMBORD that prevented him from allowing it to re-establish the Monarchy. He has not thought it incompatible with his former professions to proclaim that his countrymen are unfit to govern themselves, and that they ought to be thankful to Providence for ordaining that they shall be governed by a chance medley of deputies chosen for a different purpose. The political laws, which are to be discussed before the Constitutional laws—if indeed the latter ever reach a stage at which they can be discussed—have already furnished him with an opportunity of carrying the process of recantation a stage further. To the Duke of BROGLIE local self-government was once an object of almost as much reverence as Parliamentary government itself. The Orleanist Liberals were accustomed under the Empire to preach decentralization as a panacea for political disorders, and no longer ago than when M. THIERS was President it was only by the threat of resignation that he could induce the majority of the Assembly to assent to a law which gave the President of the Republic the right of nominating the mayors of the larger towns. The attitude of the majority upon this point was consistent and statesmanlike. The Government had just suppressed a formidable insurrection, and it had been enabled to do so in part by the accident that the Assembly was sitting at Versailles. This fact had impressed the majority with a keen sense of the importance of building up a power outside Paris which should be strong enough to prevent a momentary revolution in the capital from imposing itself as a matter of course upon the whole country. It was an object which had all along commended itself to outside observers. The changes of Government which France has undergone during the present century would never have been so frequent but for the smallness of the area in which the conflict that put down one and set up another had to be fought out. Even a NAPOLEON could not have made himself master of France in a day, had anything else been required except to make himself master of Paris. In that lucid interval of French Conservatism which lasted for about a year after the conclusion of peace the majority of the Assembly seemed to understand this. They went far ahead of M. THIERS, who represented the old centralizing tradition so dear to French Governments of every shade, and showed a real, though momentary, anxiety to foster political life in the extremities as well as in the centre.

By and by this new-born enlightenment was subjected to the test which sooner or later awaits all such manifestations. The majority found that it was one thing to diffuse a new spirit through the country, and another to secure its operating in the precise way which those who had called it into existence wished. The Communes had been left free to elect their own Mayors, in the expectation that the Prefects would by this means obtain more hearty and intelligent co-operation. Instead of this the Mayors have, in a great number of instances, refused to co-operate with the Prefect on any terms. The majority in the Assembly had meant to strengthen the hands of the Central Government by means of a spontaneous outburst of Conservatism in the provinces, and now it turns out that the only spontaneous outburst to be had is an outburst of Republicanism. Conservatives have been sorely put to it to account for this unpleasant fact. So long as M. THIERS was in power they set it down to the weakness of the Government in retaining M. GAMBETTA's prefects. Now they have tried what can be done by changing prefects, but things are as bad as ever. Republican candidates are still returned at every election, in spite of all that the officials can do to prevent it, and to the imagination of a French Conservative this is nothing short of anarchy. It is never pleasant to have to admit that the country

is against you, and the majority have preferred to find the explanation in their own policy of decentralization. It is the elected Mayors who are at the bottom of all the mischief. The machinery of Government cannot work unless the Prefect has a colleague—a colleague in heart as well as in functions—in every commune. It is a little difficult to reconcile this theory with the doctrine that, if it were not for Paris and a few other mutinous cities, France would be a Conservative paradise; but no practical politician will set logical consistency above utility, and when a particular end has to be attained, the question is not whether such or such means are in harmony with the previous declarations of those who mean to use them, but whether, if used, they will answer their purpose. The Duke of BROGLIE has not been above the temptation to reason in this way. Probably he still believes that decentralization is the true policy, and that in proportion as France learns to criticize and influence the acts of the Central Government, instead of simply acquiescing in them, the political fabric will rest on a sounder, because on a broader, basis. But he holds this belief with one unexpressed exception—provided that the Government to be criticized and influenced is not his own. During the time that he himself is in power the work of decentralization must be suspended, and a provisional law passed by which in the chief town of every department, arrondissement, and canton, the Mayors and their assistants will be nominated by the President, and in all other communes by the Prefect. The appointments will ordinarily be made from among the members of the Municipal Council, but whenever a Mayor shall resign or be dismissed, the nomination of his successor will not be subject to this restriction. It is hoped that when concord has thus been secured between the Prefects and the Mayors, the terrible results of the recent elections will not be again witnessed.

The Duke of BROGLIE will probably find that, in order to make the game safe, he ought to have gone a great deal further in the same direction. It is true that the scandal of a Prefect and a Mayor supporting rival candidates will be prevented; but what, after all, is this to the scandal of a Mayor being continually in opposition to the majority of his own Council? Antagonism between two officials may be an accident, but antagonism between an official appointed by the President or the Prefect and a Council elected by the inhabitants is tantamount, when it is a matter of constant occurrence, to a confessed antagonism between the Government and the nation. What the Duke of BROGLIE really wants is to suppress the free action of opinion until such time as it has become Right Centre; and to do this, he ought to have brought in a Bill to abolish partial elections to the Assembly, and to suspend Municipal Councils until further notice. The boldness of such a proposal might have conciliated the Right, and there is no reason to suppose that the section of the Left Centre which deserts its colours in every critical division would have departed from its usual custom because the draft on its credulous timidity was a little larger than usual. Perhaps, however, the Duke merely holds this stronger measure in reserve. On Thursday he frankly told the Assembly that the state of siege which is now maintained in twenty-one departments will be continued until the Government has been furnished with all the powers it requires. These powers must apparently be of a kind to raise France to some point of ideal perfection which as yet exists nowhere but in the Duke of BROGLIE'S mind. Commonplace politicians have been struck with the order and tranquillity which has everywhere prevailed under circumstances of a very exceptional and exciting character. An underhand attempt at a Restoration has been defeated only by the virtual refusal of the principal agent to have any hand in it, while the scheme for setting up a dictatorship as the next best thing to a monarchy has hitherto completely succeeded. In neither case was the country asked to give an opinion upon matters of the utmost moment to its political and social future; and in both cases the reason why its opinion was not asked was the certainty that it would be adverse to the designs of the accidental holders of power. Yet, notwithstanding these motives for irritation, France has never been more tranquil than under the rule of Marshal MACMAHON. This seeming inconsistency can only be set down to one of two causes; either the majority of the French people, confident that they must have their way in the end, are resolved to keep the peace, or the powers already possessed by Marshal MACMAHON are sufficient to ensure its being kept. Either way

there can be no reason for extending the state of siege over the whole of France, which is in effect what the Duke of BROGLIE asks leave to do.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

THE gallant exploits of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY and his officers against the Ashantees suggest a feeling of regret and surprise that the General was sent out six weeks in advance of his army. A few years ago GARIBALDI conquered Naples by entering the city in a postchaise, two or three marches in advance of his handful of troops; but the King of ASHANTEE can scarcely be expected to be as sensitive to public opinion and to fear of personal danger as the King of NAPLES. It had been conjectured that the despatch of the troops from England was delayed not merely that they might arrive at the least unhealthy part of the year, but rather to give time for the construction of a military road from the coast to the banks of the Prah; but it seems that only a few miles of the road have been completed; and it is difficult to procure sufficient native labour, in consequence of the fear that the working Fantees may be cut off by the enemy. A few English regiments could have afforded the protection which is required; and it is probable that with a trustworthy force of adequate strength Sir GARNET WOLSELEY might have intercepted the retreat of the main body of Ashantees. In the meantime he has probably displayed prudence as well as daring by his immediate and successful activity. With a few West India troops, aided by marines and sailors from the fleet, he has fought several petty actions, with the object, and probably with the effect, of satisfying friendly and hesitating natives of the superiority of the English arms. As is usual in modern warfare, every little expedition is accompanied by zealous and fearless members of the new profession of War Correspondents. The spirit with which the historians of the campaign collect information under fire is not less worthy of public recognition than the clearness and apparent accuracy of their narratives. They all bear testimony to the gallantry of officers, soldiers, and sailors, and to the utter pusillanimity of the native allies. Of late indeed there seem to be some faint signs of improvement, and possibly even Fantees may begin to fight when they are assured of victory. It is hoped that some of the more warlike tribes in the interior may take the opportunity of revenging themselves on the Ashantees for former wrongs; and the auxiliaries whom Captain GLOVER was to raise may perhaps become serviceable; but if any decisive result is to be obtained, it must be effected by English troops. If only the road to the Prah were completed, there could be little doubt of the feasibility of a march on Coomassie.

The General has naturally great difficulty in obtaining accurate information of the force or the plans of the enemy. At one time it was announced that the Ashantees were in full retreat, and some regret was felt that they should not have had sufficient temerity to wait for the arrival of the troops from England. It has since appeared that they retain their positions in the neighbourhood of Dunqua, where Colonel FESTING had again attacked them, unfortunately at the cost of the life of a gallant young officer. A large force had the audacity to attack a town or village called Abakampa, although it was held by an English officer with a few West India soldiers. The General himself thought it worth while to relieve the fortress in person, and his arrival with a reinforcement deprived the assailants of any chance of success. As might have been expected, the besiegers were unable to cross the open space which surrounded the town; but, on the other hand, the garrison could not prudently advance into the bush. The attack seems to have been made in resentment for some hostile action on the part of the chief of the place; and he is indebted to his English allies for the repulse of the enemy. On the whole, the prospects are more cheerful than at the outbreak of the war, when Cape Coast Castle itself was threatened, and when the enemy had free access to all other parts of the coast. The Commander-in-Chief indeed considers that he has done more than he could have expected within the short time since his arrival on the coast. Even before the arrival of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, the English officers on the coast had begun to take the offensive; and in all the skirmishes which have occurred the enemy has had the worst of the struggle. The least satisfactory

part of the recent transactions consists in the excessive risk of life which is incurred by officers in command of native levies. They are easily distinguishable by the enemy's marksmen, and they are liable at any moment to be deserted by their men. It may be presumed that some miscalculation had originally been made at home; for it can never have been intended that a little war on almost equal terms should precede the more serious campaign.

According to a story which, if it is true, illustrates the fantastic restrictions to which barbarians voluntarily submit, Sir GARNET WOLSELEY's letter cannot have reached the King of ASHANTEE, because a Royal messenger can only travel on the high road, which is at present blocked by English detachments. It is highly probable that such a form, if it is nominally established, is practically evaded by some convenient fiction, and that the English overtures are perfectly well known at Coomassie. A favourable answer, immediately preceding the arrival of the regiments from England, would be not a little embarrassing. The terms which have been offered to the KING are not at present known; but even if he is ready to accept all the conditions which are dictated by the General, there will be almost insuperable difficulties in taking security for the performance of any contract which may be made. There are perhaps moral objections to continuing a war after the submission of the enemy; but the real object of the present expedition is not so much to punish aggression as to convince the invader that he is unable to resist an English army. The demonstration will scarcely be brought home by any treaty which can be devised to the minds of the KING and his subjects; whereas the capture of Coomassie would satisfy the West African world of the irresistible power of England. There seems reason to believe that the Ashantees have up to a late period affected to have no quarrel with England; and, now that they have probably exhausted the resources of the country, they may perhaps not be unwilling to retire within their own territory. African kings and chiefs are in the habit of taking hostages for the performance of treaties; but hostages would offer no security to a civilized Power, which would not, in the event of the breach of a treaty, put hostages to death. A formal surrender of all claims on Elmina, and of pretensions to the Fantee territory, will naturally be exacted, if any treaty is at present concluded; but, on the whole, it would perhaps be better that the King of ASHANTEE should either refuse compliance or abstain from taking any notice of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY's letter. The alarmists have of late ceased to accumulate proofs that an attack on the Ashantee dominions is impracticable. At the same time the controversy as to the future policy which is to be adopted is fortunately suspended. All parties feel that the experience which will be acquired in the ensuing campaign will throw much light on the possibility and expediency of maintaining a protectorate on the Gold Coast. The Fantees are probably not aware of the extent to which their indolence and cowardice may affect their future fortunes. If they are incapable of being taught to defend themselves, it is not improbable that they may be hereafter left to the mercy of their hereditary enemies.

There can be no doubt that the Government, which has the best means of information, is thoroughly convinced of the necessity of prosecuting the war to a successful conclusion. The Colonial Minister can only act with the sanction of his chief, and Mr. GLADSTONE has, in addition to his hearty dislike for war, an immediate reason for objecting to the pending expedition, if it had not become inevitable. When the PRIME MINISTER assumed the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, he must have intended to render his administration memorable by some great financial achievement. Several of his colleagues would have been competent in ordinary times to conduct the business of the department; but Mr. GLADSTONE has no rival in financial genius. The surplus which would have facilitated any changes that might have been proposed must already have been endangered, if it has not been appropriated to the purposes of the war. An incidental discussion lately showed that the hire of a single transport for a year might cost the sum of 15,000*l.*; and the provision of shipping for the troops and stores is only one among innumerable items of expense. The medical and sanitary contrivances of modern military administration are highly valuable, and at the same time extremely expensive; and generally it may be said that every modern improvement has tended to make war dearer. It is undoubtedly right that no cost should be spared which may ensure victory and diminish the sacrifice of life. Soldiers

are incomparably the most expensive of all munitions of war; and it would be a foolish policy to fight savages on equal terms, instead of profiting by the mechanical superiority of civilization. Improved rifles and rockets offer a legitimate advantage in a contest with African warriors.

FROHSDORF AND SALZBURG.

A HISTORY of what went on in French Monarchical circles during August and the two following months has just been written by some one who was evidently a party to many of the principal transactions, and who knew perfectly well what was going on. It is of course written in the spirit of a partisan, and that it is a furious Orleanist who is the narrator is apparent at every page. Of the greatness and goodness of the Count of PARIS and of his brother and uncles, and of the genius, patriotism, and varied energy of the leaders of the Right Centre, he never wearies. On the other hand, M. THIERS is the worst and most faithless of men, and everything done by any member of the Left shows a settled determination to ruin France. The country, too, is left out of consideration throughout, except as something to which a blessing like that of Monarchy may be conveniently given, and every manifestation that the country did not wish for a Monarchy is dismissed with contempt as an idle manoeuvre of the friends of anarchy. For any purpose except as a record of what went on in the inner regions of the Monarchical party the book is valueless; but for this purpose it is valuable; and it throws much light on the curious series of events which began in the meeting of the cousins at Frohsdorf, and ended with the manifesto of Salzburg. It is not exactly a new revelation, but the writer explains fully and authoritatively that the visit of the Count of PARIS to Frohsdorf was the fulfilment of an undertaking which he had given on behalf of himself and his family in return for the vote of the Legitimist majority in the Assembly by which the law condemning the ORLEANS Princes to exile was rescinded. What the writer wishes to show is that the Count of PARIS kept to his part of the bargain honourably and punctually, and this we think may be said to be established. The Count of PARIS abandoned altogether the position of a possible rival. He presented his homage to the chief of his House, and he made no reservation, insisted on no conditions, and in fact threw away the whole political principles of his father and grandfather at the feet of the man whom they had kept from his throne. There is no reason to doubt that in doing this the Count of PARIS honestly thought that he was doing the best he could for his country as well as for himself. Monarchy is in France a very tender plant, and after two Republics and the Second Empire it is not likely to thrive if its stem is divided. At any rate the partisans of the Count of CHAMBORED must allow that the Count of PARIS did handsomely what he had engaged to do; but whether it was wise in him to fetter himself from the outset by a bargain, and to let his submission to his cousin seem, not a spontaneous act dictated by political sagacity, but the consideration for a vote rescinding the law of exile, is another matter. It seems to be the fate of the ORLEANS family that they shall think wisely, and act fairly, and be reasonable and thoughtful and rich, and make a good figure in the world, but never carry France with them. The significance of the reconciliation of the two branches of the BOURBONS was likely to be much lessened, and the respect for the sacrifice made by the younger Prince considerably impaired, when it was known that it was all a matter of barter, and that the Count of PARIS and his family had, as it were, discounted this sacrifice, and that it had enabled them to enjoy for a couple of years the pleasure of holding a high station in France, of benefiting by their vast possessions, and of substantiating their enormous claims.

The eminent Orleanist, however, who writes this volume makes it quite clear that, if the consequence of the visit of the Count of PARIS to Frohsdorf was that there was one Orleanist the less, there were a great many left behind, and that they were determined that there should be no Monarchy unless it were a constitutional one, with the tricolour as its flag. It was men with these views who were at the bottom of the movement for a Monarchical vote. It was they who approached the moderate Legitimists, and inspired them with the conviction that, if there was to be a King, it must be a King of the ORLEANS type. There was never any intention on the part

of those who had the conduct of the movement that there should be the white flag and the *ancien régime* and the supremacy of the clergy, and all the terrible things that frightened French Liberals when they heard of the project to put the chief of the Legitimists on the throne. The Dukes of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER and DECAZES were the leading spirits, and they were in complete accord not only with their own immediate followers, but with a large body of the Legitimists. It is the consciousness of this which has made them so sore at the treatment which they then received and have since received at the hands of the Liberals. They were fighting as hard as they could for Liberal principles, and making the adoption of these principles the indispensable condition of a Restoration, and all the time they were being abused as the tools of the clergy, as meditating the revival of serfdom, and as forgetful of the old glories of the tricolour flag. Their actions were, as they think, unjustifiably misconstrued; and to a great extent this is true, and it is quite right that one of their party should now come forward to tell the whole story and to set them right in the eyes of France. That they all along meant to ask for something which it was not very probable they should obtain, and which in point of fact they did not obtain, does not at all throw any doubt on the wisdom of those who said that they must take the Legitimist Restoration as a whole and look at its very serious consequences at home and abroad. The country was dead against anything like a Legitimist Restoration, and those who represented the popular feeling were quite right in saying that the Restoration meant, in the minds of those most eager and likely to profit by it, a revenge for 1789. The Orleanist writer is obliged to own that the attitude assumed by the clergy was enough to terrify those who did not know the real character of the movement. But it is equally true that the movement was essentially an Orleanist one, and that those who were most anxious to secure a Restoration, and who were taking the practical steps by which they hoped to make it possible, had no other idea than that of setting up a Monarchy like that which exists in Belgium. They did not separate themselves from the Count of PARIS, or censure him for throwing himself without reserve into the arms of the Count of CHAMBORD, but they were determined not to follow his example. If they were going to give away a kingdom, they resolved that it should be given only on their own terms, and those terms were that the heir of CHARLES X. should behave exactly as if he were the heir of LOUIS PHILIPPE.

They had good reason to believe that they had succeeded. M. CHESNELONG went as their representative to Salzburg, and he reported that the Count of CHAMBORD was ready to make all necessary concessions. The evidence adduced by the writer of this volume seems to show incontestably that the Count backed out of an engagement into which he had entered, and that he backed out of it in a very unhandsome manner. M. CHESNELONG had several conversations with him, and the COUNT agreed that there should be a Constitution discussed between persons specially authorized to act for him on the one hand and the Assembly on the other, and that he would waive the question of the flag, salute the tricolour when he arrived in France, and would merely reserve to himself the right of proposing at some future time to the Assembly that some alteration in the flag should be made. M. CHESNELONG took the precaution of putting down in writing the results of his conversations with the COUNT, and before leaving Salzburg he got the COUNT to read over what he had written and approve it as an accurate statement of what had passed. But scarcely had M. CHESNELONG arrived in Paris when dark dints began to appear in certain journals that M. CHESNELONG was mistaken, and that the COUNT had not made the concessions which it was reported he had made, and that, in fact, M. CHESNELONG's mission had been entirely in vain. The curious thing was that these mysterious assertions appeared not only in the columns of the extreme Legitimist organs, but also in those of a Liberal paper. At first the leaders of the Monarchical movement treated these assertions with contempt. They had got the notes of M. CHESNELONG as approved by the COUNT, and people less well informed might gossip as they pleased. But at length the statements that there was something wrong at Salzburg got so definite and persistent that the confidence of the Orleanists was shaken, and they felt that there was no possibility of going further unless the COUNT himself issued a manifesto putting an end to all uncertainty. He

did issue such a manifesto, and it was the death-blow of their hopes; and not only did he do this, but he did it in a manner as mortifying and insulting to those who were working for him as possible. He took care that it should be published in a newspaper before they could get any tidings of its contents; and he did it in the shape of a letter to M. CHESNELONG, whom he had thrown overboard, and with whose communications the letter was in direct opposition; and the letter was so worded that the reader would necessarily think that, if M. CHESNELONG had ever reported that the COUNT was ready to make concessions, he was stating what was wholly untrue. No wonder that this eloquent draper exclaimed that he appealed from the King to God. The writer of this volume naturally asks how it happened that the COUNT came thus to change his mind and deny his envoy; and after much consideration the result arrived at is that the Countess of CHAMBORD was at the bottom of the mystery; that she heard what the Count had authorized M. CHESNELONG to say, that she at once found means of setting a portion of the Paris press to prophesy that the whole negotiation would fail, and then applied herself to fulfilling her own prophecy. Why should she have done this? The writer of this volume politely sees the reason in the excess of her conjugal affection. When the time of his leaving the safety and humble state of exile for a throne really seemed to have come, she was overwhelmed with two horrible fears—the fear lest after he had become King he should be assassinated, and the fear lest amid the splendours of the Tuileries, and the fascinations of Court beauties, his faithful heart should begin to wander. This may be only an idle fancy of the writer; but if it has any foundation, it is a curious instance of how small are the things that affect the destiny of nations; and it will be a sort of melancholy consolation to Legitimist French ladies to know that it was their pretty faces which made impossible the restoration of the Monarchy for which they are pining.

POLITICS AND MORALS IN NEW YORK.

THE financial crisis in the United States, and the excitement arising out of the capture of the *Virginian*, have, even in New York, diverted public attention from the results of two trials which nevertheless possess political importance. The murderer of the notorious FISK has at last, on a conviction for murder in the third degree, been sentenced to imprisonment for four years. The man STOKES was originally an associate of FISK, whom, on the ground of a private quarrel, he deliberately and publicly assassinated at an hotel in New York. The verdict of the jury, though it was entirely inconsistent with the evidence, nevertheless indicated a kind of perverted moral judgment. They half-consciously assumed that the issue before them involved, not only the act of STOKES, but the character of his victim. In a well-governed community rascals are not allowed to take the law into their own hands by putting one another, however deservedly, to death. In the particular case STOKES killed FISK, not because FISK was a swindling reprobate, but because he was the successful rival of STOKES for the favour of a mistress worthy of both. The jury apparently thought that no later opportunity would occur for the utterance of a moral censure on one of the most abandoned of mankind. A partial condonation of the guilt of his murderer seemed to be the only practical method of expressing the opinion that FISK, with all his wealth and popularity, was nevertheless a social outlaw. The conviction of TWEED and the severe sentence of imprisonment for twelve years will be regarded by the respectable citizens of New York with more unqualified satisfaction. It remains to be seen whether the party which has lately recovered its predominance in the State will have the power or the inclination to relieve the popular demagogue from the merited consequences of his guilt. Even if the Governor should yield to the representations which he will certainly have to encounter, the honest part of the community will be reassured by the knowledge that the court and jury have done their duty. When the Constitution of the State was lately remodelled, the vicious practice of electing judges by popular suffrage was unfortunately retained; but perhaps the members of the judicial bench may at present feel that they are on their trial, and that they are especially bound to efface by their conduct the memory of recent scandals. A former prosecution of TWEED failed through the success of a sheriff, who was a satellite of the prisoner, in packing the jury-panel. On

the recent occasion it would appear that effectual precautions were taken against the repetition of the fraud. The apologists of American institutions are entitled to take credit for the ultimate retribution which has fallen on the perpetrator of crimes which were at the same time outrageous and characteristic.

It was the peculiar mission of TWEED to illustrate by an extreme case the moral and political consequences of universal suffrage. His respectable countrymen may fairly boast that the democratic system which rendered his frauds possible has finally provided the means of redress and punishment. Unfortunately no law can reach the accomplices who connived at TWEED's villanies when they were only suspected, and approved of them when they were fully exposed. Unless a criminal conviction disqualifies a member of the State Legislature, TWEED is still a Senator of New York. His last re-election immediately followed the discovery that he had embezzled for himself and others enormous sums belonging to the city. A dozen years ago TWEED became bankrupt as a small shopkeeper in New York; and since that time he has never been known to pursue any lawful occupation by which he could have accumulated a competence. Having failed in retail trade, he took to politics, and more immediately to the municipal business of the city. Having made himself popular with the rabble, and especially with the Irish voters, he became an Alderman of the city and a Senator of the State; and he at the same time became conspicuous for the lavish splendour of his establishment, and for his profuse benefactions to his humbler supporters. His admirers boastfully pointed to TWEED's stables as exceeding in magnificence the mansions of many wealthy citizens; and the impudence with which he displayed his ill-gotten wealth increased the enthusiasm with which he was regarded by his clients. It is perhaps a redeeming feature in TWEED's malpractices that he can scarcely be said to have committed a breach of trust. Sympathetic colleagues and applauding followers were perfectly aware that the colossal fortune which excited their reverential envy was exclusively derived from plunder of public funds; but the needy multitude felt no compunction for the spoliation of the taxpayers, who on their part both regarded the extortion of a tribute as an inevitable necessity, and cultivated a feeling of amusement at the cynical audacity of the triumphant and genial demagogue. The most rapacious of speculators was from policy, and perhaps from inclination, open-handed to the poor; and the majority, which, according to some political theorists, is incapable of oppression or injustice, valued TWEED as the conduit-pipe through which they received a share of the superfluities of their neighbours. As the constituency was the sole source, not only of political influence but of judicial power, TWEED with a just prescience raised some of his most unscrupulous accomplices to the judicial bench. The names of BARNARD and CARDOZO will long be remembered as patrons of the criminal class, and as invaluable confederates of more ambitious swindlers.

During the reign of TWEED the city of New York was practically an Irish Republic, administered on the principles which might be expected to prevail in such a commonwealth. The town was ill-paved, ill-lighted, and insufficiently protected by the police, at a cost, as far as could be ascertained, of 6,000,000, or 7,000,000, a year. The governing body consisted of beer-shop-keepers and persons of a similar station, with a sprinkling of prizefighters; and the more respectable Democratic politicians of the city and State were compelled to ally themselves for political purposes with TWEED and his associates. The ringleader himself never assumed the office of Mayor, which was habitually reserved for some more presentable member of the party, not directly implicated in pecuniary fraud. The inner circle of managers helped themselves almost at discretion to shares in the vast sums which they administered. The particular frauds which were afterwards proved were probably only casual specimens of their ordinary practice; yet, even if the rest of their career had been perfectly pure, the embezzlements of which they were ultimately convicted would remain without a precedent in magnitude and audacity. The *New York Times*, which has since rewarded itself for its patriotic energy by discountenancing all inquiry into the irregularities of Republican officials, commenced three years ago an active investigation into the outlay on a County Hall which had been erected under the superintendence of the city gang. It was shown that tradesmen had been encouraged to prefer absurd and impossible demands on condition of dividing the proceeds

with TWEED and their other paymasters. According to the official statements, the County Hall had been plastered at a cost of half a million sterling, and it had been provided with sumptuous carpets which would have served to cover the area of the city park. Nevertheless the floors were bare, or in parts covered with cheap substitutes for the carpets, of which a part had been supplied, not to the County Hall, but to a new hotel which TWEED had established. The Mayor and the Controller had been more or less privy to the frauds, though the Mayor was not supposed to have shared in the profits of the transaction. The detailed exposure of the monstrous robberies of the dominant faction provoked an indignation which had been dormant when it was but generally known that TWEED and his companions were living in splendour on the public plunder. The excitement was increased by the prospect of a political reaction against the Democrats, who had long controlled the city and the State; but in the first instance the better class of citizens exerted themselves to abate the scandal without regard to party. At the next election the majority of the delinquents were driven from office, though TWEED was elected a Senator by a constituency which adopted all his acts with full knowledge of the circumstances. After a time the judges who were the notorious creatures of TWEED and of FISK were forced out of office; and one of them had the grace to pass and execute judgment on himself by committing suicide. The Committee of Citizens has since pursued with commendable firmness of purpose the prosecution of TWEED, without allowing its attention to be diverted from the great offender by many minor scandals which have since transpired. The verdict and judgment which have at last been obtained must be highly satisfactory to the honest section of the community. Future experience will show whether any permanent improvement has been effected. Society is clearly a gainer by getting rid of TWEED for twelve years, or for any other period; but during the PRESIDENT's term of office the New York Custom House has been strongly tainted with corruption; and the Federal officers are closely allied with active local politicians. The Republicans have not been distinguished during their short term of power in New York by any extraordinary regard to purity. At the recent election they excluded from their voting-ticket the name of Mr. BARLOW as candidate for the office of Attorney-General, on the supposed ground that he had been too active in prosecuting official frauds. The Democrats who have now resumed power will not at once imitate the comic extravagance of TWEED's speculations; but they must still rely on the votes of TWEED's supporters. The friends of corruption in the city are perhaps not a majority, but they are a large, active, and vigilant minority of the whole constituency. Large masses of voters, being incapable of acting for themselves, are necessarily manipulated by professional managers, who are, with few exceptions, vulgar and unprincipled adventurers. Notwithstanding the murder of FISK, the suicide of BARNARD, and the conviction of TWEED, universal suffrage in New York is still on its trial.

MR. GLADSTONE ON EVOLUTION.

MR. GLADSTONE, while schooling himself admirably to political silence, has not cut himself off altogether from communication with the world on more private matters. On the eve of a general election, he is anxious that his views on the question of evolution should be understood by the constituencies, and he has also issued one of his periodical letters in answer to inquiries as to his religion. Somebody at Bodmin, it seems, had written to him to say that somebody else there had said he was in spirit a Papist and not a Protestant; and he has thought it necessary to answer this impertinent statement through his private secretary. He informs his correspondent that the allegations referred to are wholly and absolutely devoid of truth. We do not know how many times Mr. GLADSTONE has written or dictated other letters to the same effect, but one is published pretty regularly about once a quarter, and we should have thought that he would by this time have become rather tired of the amusement. More than once he has provoked a rejoinder by the capricious ambiguity of his language; and in any case there is no reason to suppose that his letters produce the slightest impression on the minds of people who are silly enough to believe the calumny which irritates him. It is obvious that those who think that he is a Jesuit in disguise would be very much surprised if he did not deny it. A Liberal

journal lately undertook to explain why Mr. GLADSTONE was hated—an assertion made on its own responsibility; but it is perhaps more easy to comprehend why he is at least distrusted by a large part of the community. People usually distrust a man whom they do not quite understand, and it is difficult to understand any one who is not very careful to understand himself. The letter which Mr. GLADSTONE has just written about evolution is vividly typical of his peculiar mental condition, and of the odd sort of relation which he occasionally assumes towards things he has said.

Mr. DISRAELI has started some curious cries in his time; but it may be doubted whether many seats at the next election are likely to be lost or won on the question of evolution; and there can hardly be any one who is more fully entitled not to have a matured opinion on such a subject than a Minister who is at once the head of the Cabinet and Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is a question upon which Mr. GLADSTONE is of course entitled like everybody else to hold any opinion he chooses, whether he has had time to study it and think about it or not; but he is certainly not responsible to Parliament for an authoritative solution of the problem. There are various matters as to which the country looks to Mr. GLADSTONE for enlightenment, but evolution does not happen to be one of them. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, is not an ordinary statesman; and having at present only a budget, a war, a famine, and a few other trifles on his hands, he has felt bound to add to his other insignificant duties the scientific education of his countrymen. In the course of this task he has been led into an explanation which is sufficiently characteristic to deserve attention. In a recent address he said:—"Upon the ground of what is termed evolution, God is relieved of the labour of creation; in the name of unchangeable laws, He is discharged from governing the world." This was taken up by Mr. HERBERT SPENCER in a recent article in the *Contemporary Review*, as an attack on the evolution theory, and Mr. GLADSTONE was exhibited as "a conspicuous exponent of the anti-scientific view." It is this which Mr. GLADSTONE now feels bound to answer. We have of course not the slightest intention of joining one way or the other in the controversy as to how far the world is kept going on the principle of evolution. Our interest in the matter is limited to Mr. GLADSTONE'S mode of dealing with the question. Many persons would have thought it unnecessary to offer any explanation at all, and there can hardly be more than about one person in the country who, deeming it necessary to offer an explanation, would have given it in such a singular way. Taking the words as they stand, they certainly seem to bear out the interpretation which Mr. SPENCER put on them. As Mr. GLADSTONE spoke derisively and contemptuously of the evolution theory, it was not unreasonable to assume that he was opposed to that theory. Evolution of course means that a system of laws and forces has been set in motion which produces certain results, without any interference or assistance from a superintending power. But Mr. GLADSTONE dismisses with offhand contempt the idea of any "unchangeable laws by which God is discharged from governing the world"; and he also implies that He is still busy with the labour of creation, thus applying his argument both to organic and inorganic phenomena. Mr. GLADSTONE now comes forward not only to say that he has been misunderstood, but to express his amazement that he should ever have been imagined to have said anything which could be construed into "a condemnation of evolution or of the doctrine of unchangeable laws." Everybody will of course accept his assurance that he did not mean to express such a condemnation, but we doubt whether many persons who take the trouble to read his words will share his surprise at the interpretation put upon them.

Any ordinary person having to make an explanation of this kind would have said—"My meaning has been misunderstood; I did not mean to say what has been imputed to me. What I meant was"—and then he would have gone on to state as clearly as possible what he did mean. But this is not Mr. GLADSTONE'S way. He does not tell us what meaning was in his mind when he spoke the words in question—which is the only point of interest in the matter—but confines himself to an inquiry whether the passage, taken literally, can be construed as a condemnation of a particular doctrine. "I submit," he says, "that it contains no such thing." He examines the passage as if it had been spoken by some one else, and as if he were quite an outsider who had by chance been called upon to guess its meaning. And even this inquiry is conducted in the

most strangely roundabout way. He does not say, "I said this and that, and what do you make of it?" But "Suppose I had said something entirely different, as for instance, so and so, what would you have made of that?" "What," he says, "if I wrote as follows:—Upon the ground of what is termed liberty, flagrant crimes have been committed, and (likewise) in the name of law and order, human rights have been trodden under foot. I should not in thus writing condemn liberty, or condemn law and order, but condemn only the inferences that men draw, or say they draw, from them." As far as we can see, there is really no analogy between the two sentences, and it is difficult to imagine what other meaning Mr. GLADSTONE can have intended to convey in his reference to evolution except that which Mr. SPENCER put on it. With that, however, we have nothing to do. We are merely pointing out the elaborate circumlocution and obscurity of Mr. GLADSTONE'S explanation, and the impossibility of extracting a definite meaning from it.

Anybody who expected to learn from this letter what Mr. GLADSTONE really thinks on the question on which he voluntarily undertook to instruct the public must have been very much disappointed. Mr. GLADSTONE was not required to have an opinion on the question at all, or at least to place his opinion before his countrymen; but if he thought it necessary to make a public declaration on the subject, it would at least have been worth while to wait until he had thought out the matter, and was quite sure he had an opinion to express. He now says, "Before I could presume to give an opinion on evolution, or on unchangeable laws, I should wish to know more clearly and more fully than I yet know the meaning attached to those phrases by the chief apostles of the doctrines; and very likely, even after accomplishing this preliminary stage, I might find myself insufficiently supplied with the knowledge required to draw the line between true and false." We think this is very likely, but it is a pity that the reflection did not occur to Mr. GLADSTONE before he committed himself to loose talk on a subject which he avowedly does not understand. It will be observed that the PREMIER'S scientific and political opinions are formed pretty much in the same way, and that, as usual, he starts from some broad general conclusion, and then goes about hunting for premisses to match. The common notion of a Jesuit is a man who says one thing and means another; but it would be an injustice to Mr. GLADSTONE to doubt that he means what he says at the moment when he says it. The unfortunate thing is that, as far as he is concerned, the meaning of the moment vanishes as soon as the occasion has passed; and he then regards himself as committed to the words he has used, not in any special sense, but only as words which he is afterwards at liberty to identify with any meaning which the utmost latitude of free translation will permit. The words remain, but only, as it were, as empty jugs into which any liquor can be poured which happens to be at hand. In a letter to Lord MACAULAY Mr. GLADSTONE observed that language has many bearings which escape the view of the writer at the moment the pen is in his hand; and it would appear that he considers himself entitled to adopt any meaning which may subsequently occur to him. This is the key to such puzzles as the *Ewelme* and *COLLIER* incidents, the varied and contradictory readings of the law as to the re-election of a Minister, and the marvellous interpretation of Mr. ODO RUSSELL'S communication to Count BISMARCK. On the general question of evolution and unchangeable laws it might almost be presumed that there would be a predisposition in Mr. GLADSTONE'S mind against the oppression of fixed principles. It can hardly be doubted that he would himself hesitate to accept the regulation of the world on such intolerable conditions. A Scotch preacher was lately called to account by his Presbytery for deriding the idea of a "fidgety and fickle God," who did not know His own mind, and was perpetually chopping and changing in His management of the universe; but he may possibly have been thinking of a terrestrial example of the misery and mischief of this mode of government.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

THE results of the election for the London School Board have naturally drawn attention to the working of the cumulative vote. When it was first proposed that minorities should be represented on School Boards, the idea ap-

proved itself to many persons who had never regarded with much favour the application of the same principle to Parliamentary elections. They felt that one great danger to be feared in the working of the Act of 1870 was mistaken parsimony on the part of the ratepayers, and they looked to the cumulative vote as a means of securing on every Board the presence of some members who preferred education to economy. As things have turned out, the minorities represented have mostly been theological rather than educational. In London especially the cumulative vote has been largely appealed to to further an object which is as nearly as possible the reverse of that which it was hoped it would answer. It cannot be said that the policy of the late Board was in any sense a Secularist, or even an anti-Denominationalist, policy. There was a Secularist minority among the members, but it was not strong enough to influence the action of the Board on any important point. It might have been expected, therefore, that the candidates who came forward on the Denominationalist side would have sought to identify themselves with the policy hitherto pursued. Instead of this, they allowed themselves to be put forward as avowed opponents of that policy. The feature in it to which they took exception was the action of the Board in providing additional school accommodation before all the places in existing voluntary schools were filled. It is difficult to understand how those who used this argument can have read the Act of Parliament which it will now be their business to carry out. Whether it would have been wise or unwise to postpone the building of new schools until all the schools already open had been filled is a point on which different opinions may be entertained. But the time for putting them forward was when the 37th Section of the Education Act was going through Committee. When once the Act had been passed the question was no longer open. The language of the Clause is imperative, and obedience to it is to be immediate. "The School Board shall proceed at once to supply their district with sufficient public school accommodation." There is nothing said about waiting till all the places in existing schools have been filled, and then inquiring how many children remain to be provided for. The Board has nothing to do but to ascertain how many children there are who ought to be at school, and how many school places there are to hold them. The difference between these two estimates gives the amount of school accommodation to be supplied, and it is to be supplied at once. It is no question of "dealing generously and fairly by voluntary schools"; that is a consideration which may arise when the Board gets into the region of discretionary action, but can have no place so long as it is simply carrying out the express directions of Parliament.

Mr. PEEK and Mr. CROMWELL have both disclaimed the thoroughgoing opposition to the policy of the late Board which has been attributed to them by some of their more enthusiastic supporters. Mr. PEEK declares that his opposition "was not against the Board as a whole, but against those members of it who notoriously sympathized with the principles of the Birmingham League." The mere fact that he was himself endeavouring to become a member of the Board is enough to acquit him of the former kind of opposition; but if he and Mr. GREGORY meant only to resist any increase to the number of the Secularist minority, they might certainly have made their intentions somewhat clearer. Mr. GREGORY's name is specially associated with resistance to the course so properly followed by the late Board of providing at once as many schools as would be required if all the children who ought to be at school were actually there. This was not the policy of those members "who notoriously sympathized with the Birmingham League"; it was the policy dictated by the very Act of which Mr. PEEK proclaims himself a warm supporter. The truth appears to be, that the Denominationalist candidates at the recent election found the temptation to appeal to the ratepayers' dislike to spend money greater than they could resist. They justly thought that there was a certain number of votes which could be won by that inducement, and by no other. If they had looked further ahead, they might have known that to link themselves with the niggardly and reactionary section of the electors was to risk a crushing defeat at some future time when the present cold fit shall have passed, and the ratepayers shall have again opened their eyes to the need and to the absence of elementary education.

Happily for themselves, and for London, their mistake is not beyond remedy. No one will think of preventing

them from turning existing schools to the best possible account, or from opposing to the full extent of their powers any attempt to go on building schools after the educational wants of the district have been satisfied. But they will only defeat their own object if they allow themselves to carp at every site which may be proposed for a new school. It must be remembered that the first effect of opening an additional school will almost always be to draw away children from some existing school. A new church does not at once start with a congregation who have never been to church before; it begins with a congregation composed in great measure of persons drawn from existing congregations either by curiosity or convenience. It is the same with schools as with churches. The persons most impressed by the knowledge that there is a school the more for them to send their children to are not usually those who up to this time have been content to send them nowhere. They will probably receive the news with the utmost composure, and with a mental resolution not to suffer their mode of life to be disturbed by it. The children who first attend will be drawn there by the curiosity or dissatisfaction of parents who want to see whether the new school is better than the old. In a sense, therefore, every School Board school will interfere in the first instance with neighbouring voluntary schools. But, as the compulsory by-law takes greater effect, the balance will be redressed, until in the end the old and new schools are alike filled. If the Denominationalists on the London School Board will agree to carry out the Education Act in its integrity, and to give voluntary schools that fair field and no favour which is all that can legitimately be asked for in their behalf, they will find that in the long run they have served their own interests as well as the interests of the public.

The London School Board will now have the advantage of watching the fate of the opposite policy in Birmingham. The "Liberal Eight" have signalized their victory in the recent election by imposing a strictly Secularist policy on the minority. As parties on the Board are divided in the proportion of eight to seven, the majority must have a profound confidence in its own cohesion, and in the unimpaired health of its members. The Chairman and Vice-Chairman belong, of course, to the dominant party, and care has been taken to give them the preponderance in every Committee. By a majority of one it has been resolved to discontinue all payments to voluntary industrial schools, and to take measures for setting up temporary Board schools wherever there are children whose parents are unable to pay the fees charged by voluntary schools. This was held to be enough for the first meeting, but notice was given of a motion to discontinue religious teaching in Board schools after the 1st of February next, and to refer to a Committee an expected application from a voluntary society to be allowed to supply religious teaching out of school hours. Thus the Secularist system will shortly be seen in actual work. Unless the fears we have often expressed prove groundless, the result of the experiment will be to create an atmosphere of controversy in which the fact that there are children to be educated will run great risk of being forgotten. The London School Board have now, therefore, an admirable opportunity of showing the pre-eminence of a system of reasonable compromise over a system of doctrinaire fanaticism which is not the less sectarian because it boasts that it is secular. If Denominationalists are wise, they will heartily co-operate in every scheme which promises to show that children are being got to school in London faster than they are in Birmingham. If they allow any shortsighted tenderness for the finances of this or that voluntary school to interfere with their pursuit of this object, they will be doing far more harm to the cause they have at heart than by consenting to any amount of expenditure on School Board schools. The real problem to be determined in the next three years is whether the Secularists or the Denominationalists can best carry out the end to which the Act of 1870 is but a means—the education of every child in the country. If the Denominationalists allow the answer to be given in favour of the Secularists, they may be sure that they have prepared for themselves a certain, if distant, defeat.

BENGAL PAST AND PRESENT.

THE newspapers have very naturally been filled with facts and speculations about the sad calamity which is said to be impending over the oldest of our East Indian possessions, and every

kind of note has been sounded, from the highest falsetto to the deepest bass. Suggestions of course have been plentifully showered on the Government; some full of sound good sense; others well-meaning, but long ago acted on; others, again, childish and silly, and of about as much practical application as would be the advice tendered by a Liddesdale farmer to a vine-dresser in Spain. The tone of the daily and weekly press has, on the whole, been earnest and temperate, though here and there we have heard an utterance more like the ravings of Habakkuk Mucklewraith than the advice which ought to be tendered by those whose mission it is to brace official thought or to fashion public opinion. We propose in this paper, not gratuitously to lecture an Administration which is fully alive to the crisis, nor to harrow readers by dilating on a probable recurrence of the year which Macaulay has immortalized, but to put before them an accurate account of agricultural wants and operations in the Gangetic Delta such as they ordinarily are in an average season, and such as they cannot now be in that region until the middle of 1874.

To break up the clay or loam of Bengal, dried and baked by months of sun, to keep up the village reservoirs to their proper fulness, to prevent the smaller streams from running dry, to give the late rice plants that depth of water which converts a vast plain into one huge wet field of unbroken cultivation, and to enable the higher lands to produce two successive and distinct crops in one twelvemonth, some sixty to eighty inches of rain are almost indispensable. But Bengal, and indeed India generally, must have, to use a Biblical expression, the former and the latter rain in due season. The prospects of the finest year may be hopelessly ruined if the showers are not vouchsafed to the land at due intervals and with occasional breaks of sunshine. If an undue proportion of wet is gauged in May and June, the ryot cannot sow the best and deepest lands, or he sows them late and in haste, for the seed to rot or the young plants to be drowned. If the return of the periodical rains is delayed beyond the middle of June, the same result occurs; and before the rice can gather head, as it were, it is overtopped by a deluge in July and August, when the windows of heaven are sometimes opened for a week in succession. On the other hand, it is quite possible that everything may go on well till the middle of September. The rice sown on both high and low lands in May and June, strengthened but not overwhelmed by the heavier downfall of August, after a week or ten days of sunshine in September just wants several good inches of rain to keep the roots wet while the ear is developed. But the clouds hold off or do not dissolve; and the richest hopes are converted to blank despair by the mere omission of half-a-dozen inches at the close of September or the beginning of October. In fact, it is perfectly possible to conceive a scarcity with seventy inches of rain all confined to June, July, and August, and a year of unusual abundance with fifty inches distributed in timely and successive falls between the 1st of June and the 15th or 20th of October. Perhaps the happiest distribution is when there is never more than a fortnight or three weeks of sunshine without rain during that period, and the worst is when all the supply is exhausted before the middle of September. Better that the dry heats of May should be prolonged till the middle of July than that moisture should cease at the very time when the rice-stalks are two and three feet in length. In the years 1844, 1848, 1851, and 1858, Bengal was saved by a timely downfall which occurred at various dates in October. In the first mentioned year the whole country exchanged dearth for plenty, or escaped a famine, by three days of rain, which began, at the very nick of time, on the 11th of October. This is exactly what has been prayed for this season by editors and statesmen, by prophets and planters, by Brahmins and Sudras, and what has not been given.

Broadly speaking, the lands of Bengal and Behar, including, of course, all the threatened districts, may be divided into two classes, the higher and drier lands which produce two crops in the year, and the deep low-lying tracts which are only fitted for rice. Though some divisions are more subject to inundation than others, and retain sheets of water for eight months out of the twelve, yet both kinds of land are constantly found in the same village and in one and the same plain. A few inches more or less of earth, a greater or less incline or outfall, an exchange of loam for sand, and of viscous clay for loam, will make all the difference between a single and a double crop in the year. Cultivation on the high levels commences in March or April, and the ground is then tilled for rice, pulse, vetches, hemp, oil seeds, some vegetables, and indigo. In the space of from ninety to one hundred and thirty days all these crops are sown, grow to perfection, and are cut and carried. No sooner is one crop disposed of than the ground is ploughed for what is called, by Anglo-Indians, the "cold-weather crop." This may be wheat, barley, chickpea (termed *gram*), the poppy, and the coarser cereals in Behar; oats, barley, *gram*, mustard, pepper, peas and vetches, in Bengal. These crops, if sown when the ground is still soft and moist in the end of September or October, and if benefited by the parting showers which wind up the rainy season, will do perfectly well without irrigation till they are fit to cut. In Behar indeed, and in Upper India to a much greater extent, this crop is irrigated by wells and watercourses. In Bengal we have for years seen splendid breadths of mustard, *gram*, barley, peas, and pulse, which had very little other moisture than the dews of heaven from the day the seed was put in the ground in October to the time it was reaped in March. In most years the bright, exhilarating, and not oppressive sunshine of the cold season is now and then obscured by clouds, and rain generally falls for a couple of days at any time

between the middle of December and the middle of February. This visitation has nothing tropical about it. The drops descend pretty much as they do in moderate autumnal showers in England. The crops, if the rain be unaccompanied by hail, look better than ever. Ryots shiver in their scanty clothing of American or Manchester workmanship; and Englishmen encamped in the interior of districts for surveying, inspection, or sport, or for all three combined, draw round an extemporized fireplace, and dream for a day or two that their tents are pitched in Somersetshire or Cannock Chase, instead of by obscure streams and populous villages loftily named after Hindu deities or Mahomedan Nawabs.

The above statement must be understood entirely to apply to high-level lands and their crops. The winter or late crop of rice, as it is termed, occupies the land for a period rarely less than six, often eight, and sometimes even ten months in the year. The deep, marshy, clayey soil bears this one crop and none other. On it centre the hopes of the ryot, and to it is devoted as much continuity of strenuous exertion as can ever be expected from Asiatic muscles. The great object is to get the ground prepared and a good deal of this rice timely sown in May, June, or July, so that the young stalks may not be overwhelmed by a rainfall in August of six or eight inches in as many hours. Only let the stalks keep their heads above water, and they shoot upwards with the rising tide, showing that Vishnu, the preserving power in Hindu mythology, is quite capable of coping with Shiva, the destroyer. A large portion of this crop is sown broadcast, is never weeded, and with fine sunshine above and water below, measured by inches and even by feet, turns out, in January or February, a fulness of ear and a wealth of straw which would amaze the most skilful of Lothian farmers. We have ourselves counted as many as 376 grains on one stalk, and have plucked stalks twice the length of the tallest of men. But as the rice crops are divided into high and low levels, so there is a subdivision of this later crop. In tracts neither too high nor too low, where the water continuously fills the plain to the depth of a few inches, or at most a foot, the crop is planted out by hand. It is sown in small nurseries, in places under the close personal inspection of the ryot, and removed to fields carefully ploughed, scraped, weeded, and smoothed, at any time in the months of July and August. While the rice sown broadcast is rarely weeded, but takes its chance with the lotus and other aquatic plants, that transplanted is kept free from grass and vegetation with the most scrupulous care. The importance of the late crop may be estimated from the fact that, if harvested, it alone would feed a province. The early rice may be dried up without inflicting any serious loss on the resources of a division; but a failure of the late rice generally is tantamount to a failure of the cold-weather crop also, which succeeds the early rice. The critical time in India for these two crops, as we have pointed out, is the close of the rains. All turns on their not ending too soon. They may not commence until six weeks after they are due. When they begin they may continue for three weeks, rot seeds, sweep away crops, destroy houses, flood the railways, and reduce villages to the condition of inhabited islands in an inland sea. These disasters, however grievous, are confined to certain limits, and, even if irretrievable for the time, they leave behind them legacies of silt and water which are by no means ruinous. But a sky of copper during the month of September, and the failure of the parting gift of a few inches usually bequeathed, as the Hindu thinks, by Indra the rain-god, mean simply scarcity, distress, disease, and famine over an extent of country out of which the area of Lancashire might be cut without being missed.

To see what this rich alluvial soil can display under the simple ploughs and harrows of a people who have practised agriculture and nothing else for centuries, we should select two dates in the year—the beginning or middle of August, and the beginning of February. At the former date the rainy season is at its height. The early rice is just ready for the harvest; the late crop is sufficiently far advanced to cover with a green carpet plains of such vast amplitude that the village bounding them on one side seems to those on the other like land on the horizon to mariners at sea. These plains are at this time converted into the best and easiest of highways, and they are traversed for perhaps two months by the boats and skills of the planter and the missionary, the policeman, and the post. The dense foliage which shrouds the dwellings of some millions of inhabitants is decked out in the verdure and brilliancy of a second spring. Cattle, no longer at liberty to pasture anywhere, are tethered on the very few spots not occupied with a crop of some kind or other, on the very homesteads, or on the sides of the village roads. The air is saturated with moisture, and with the perfume of "heavy-blossomed bowers" and "heavy-fruited trees." The small embankments which serve both for landmarks and pathways, overtopped by the ripening or the rising crops, are no longer visible, and the country presents two broad characteristics often for some hundreds of miles. These are long waving lines of tall palms and fruit-trees, which are identical with the villages, and watery steppes between, where hardly a single acre does not contribute its quota to rent, to consumption, and to exports. The climate to an Englishman is simply detestable; but the sight of the Gangetic Delta at such an epoch is one which for completeness of husbandry, intensity of colour, and luxuriance of crops and vegetation, is not easily matched, and which can never be forgotten. The change in six months, at the commencement of February, is in its way no less striking. The cold-weather crops, not quite ready for the sickle, recall the agriculture of temperate zones; the late rice crop, in many places borne down by

its own weight, lies flat on the earth, or on the top of the water, uninjured, golden, full of promise. Bullock carts, heavy with produce, make their own roads, and traverse the plains or skirt the marshes with the most perfect facility. Date-trees, cultivated not for their fruit, but for their juice, discharge the material for treacle and sugar in a steady flow. Bees of quail are flushed in the pens and barley; snipe swarm everywhere in the rice-fields; and ducks in myriads darken the lakes and ponds, or any places where water still lies deep. The weather, though soon to be exchanged for drying winds and clouds of dust, leaves nothing to wish for or grumble at. The Zemindars are secure of their rent. The Ryots have only the prospect of harvesting the last crop of the agricultural year, and will have no more hard work to do till April, and few instalments of rent to pay before June. Englishmen are compressing as much as possible of active open-air work and enjoyment into the remainder of the cold season; fleets of native craft, under no apprehensions of cyclones or tornadoes, pierce the great and small arteries of the country; the last batch of magnificent merchant vessels has just left or is leaving the Hooghly; and, considered either from an official, a social, or a mercantile point of view, the Gangetic plains put on their best aspect, and display the most palpable evidence of their agricultural wealth.

Of course the coming February must present a picture in lamentable contrast to this. Not that Bengal will ever be reduced by failure of rains to the aridity of an African or Arabian desert. The ground, indeed, will become hard as iron, but verdure will still conceal the village, and all sorts of worthless herbage will spring up unbidden, from the copious night dews or from the slight winter's rain. But it must not be imagined that any timely fall at Christmas can enable the Ryots to recover their lost ground. The tropical downpour, which floods a vast area, has vanished with the departure of the sun to the Southern hemisphere, past recall; and under no possible combination of circumstances can it be again looked for before May or June. A couple of wet days in January may improve the barley, wheat, and pulse, and, by reviving the poppies of Behar, may make a difference of a million or two sterling in the April Budget. But not one grain of the staple commodity of the country can be put into the ground again before April, or be cut and carried before July; and when telegrams announce that the Indian Government will have to feed more than two millions of people for seven months, we must bear in mind that this unhappy period only begins from March next, and that it cannot by any possibility expire until September. Even then, under the most favourable circumstances for sowing, ripening, and cutting, new rice, fresh from the threshing-floors, will be no food for a weakly population kept alive on half rations during all this interval. Nothing would more infallibly produce spleen, dysentery, low fever, and divers other Indian complaints. Indeed the effects of this scarcity will be felt throughout India in more ways than one. It is grievous to think of thousands of peaceable, loyal, and industrious beings, deprived of food, of their natural occupations, and of all motive for exertion, crowding once a day round the official stores and kitchens, receiving just enough to keep soul and body together, and returning home to gaze with a look of dull resignation on their herds of lean cattle and their emaciated children. Perhaps a period of enforced idleness will demoralize a ryot of Bengal or Behar to a less extent than it would an Englishman or a Frenchman. But the effect of scanty diet and unceasing anxiety will render the population more dependent than ever on Government, and much less ready, for some time to come, to comprehend measures of progress, which mean taxation. Then it is certain, judging from the experience of former calamities, that our administrators must be alert to anticipate outrages, and that no activity can prevent an increase in certain classes of crime. Civil litigation, the recreation or political excitement of rich Zemindars and substantial sub-proprietors, will languish; but policemen will have their hands full and the criminal courts will be thronged. It may be fairly assumed, for instance, that as the pressure increases, grain merchants will live in constant dread lest their stores should be sacked by a crowd of excitable and half-famished Asiatics; that the convoys of grain sent by Government or by speculators into remote villages will have to be protected by strong detachments of guards; that the fortunate possessor of an acre of late rice or of standing barley will have to keep watch over it by night, with his sons and dependents, and even then that he may be knocked on the head by a bamboo or run through the body with a spear; that all the ornaments of women and children will be pawned to the money-lenders; that some men will die under the tyranny of caste, while others will get rid of it altogether; that native subordinates employed in the distribution of rations will have a dozen opportunities of making illicit perquisites; that future crops will be pledged before a furrow has been turned or an atom of seed scattered; that the old stock of cattle will be sold off for half its value or left to perish from sheer want of fodder. These and similar occurrences, the result of the national character, may strain the nerves of the Administration to the utmost, and may call forth all the best and the worst qualities of the Hindu; but it is not yet necessary to paint an alarming picture of twenty-five millions perishing from hunger, or to imagine the rivers Kosai and Purnabaha choked with corpses, and the vultures and jackals gorged to repletion with the carcasses of the unburnt or unburied dead. The calamity is quite grave enough to demand our attention without any stimulus of ghastly word-painting or dismal prophecies of unutterable woe. As we have said, the scarcity must leave its mark in the bureau and the counting-house, as well

as in the rice-field and the bazaar. The outlay on beneficent measures must be stinted or stopped. Grants for education, for new buildings, for increased salaries, for improved agency, must be rescinded or withheld. The whole time of Commissioners, magistrates, and their subordinates must be given to form committees, to collect materials, to store grain effectively against damage from climate and against violence by robbers, to animate the rich by personal influence and practical example, to sustain the sinking hearts of the herdsman and the cultivator, who will certainly call on the name of the Maharani for succour as they did formerly on that of the old Company.

We have endeavoured to place before our readers the probable condition of the people of some six or eight magnificent districts during the approaching time of severity and trial. But there are some considerations which afford consolation. In the first place, the means of communication, whatever may have been wildly dreamed or dogmatically asserted to the contrary, are ample. One railway has put Calcutta within eighteen hours of Patna, and it touches the Ganges at more than one place. Another avoids the long, circuitous, and dangerous passage of the Sunderbunds, and enables Government to convey stores almost to the banks of the same river, where it goes by the name of the Poddha, in less than a day. There is not a populous mart, not to say a hamlet, in any one of the threatened portions of the country, to which subsistence could not be conveyed in a week or fortnight at furthest, from railway station and river bank, by the common bullock carts over the common cross roads of the country. For the next six months Bengal and Behar are just as easily traversed as Somersetshire and Wilts. We have known five hundred carts at a time, laden with molasses, to start from a populous sugar mart in the interior over a mere track on which no engineer had ever expended a penny, with the absolute certainty of reaching their destination, one hundred miles off, at the rate of ten miles a day. This season, owing to the failure of rains, the plains on either bank of the Ganges must be open to carriage traffic at an earlier period than usual, and they will continue passable to the middle or end of May. The difficulty of internal transit only begins with the periodical rains; but the Indian Government need hardly be warned to commence purchasing and storing before that date. Then, although the rice crop has failed, the cold-weather crops of cereals and pulses may take off the edge of the calamity, and even fruit may be hoped for as a means of keeping the population alive. Behar can be fed on the cereals from Upper India, and Bengal on rice from Burmah and Madras. It is a fact placed beyond question that in the pressure of 1865, the population of Dinajpore, now afflicted in a similar manner, lived for the months of May and June and part of July on the produce of their mango-trees, and staved off famine till the beginning of the harvest. Something may be expected from the liberality and kind-heartedness of the Zemindars. To tell them gravely to reside on their estates and stop the famine, to trust to the laws of supply and demand, to hazard the lives of the community on private enterprise or on national impulse, would indeed be tantamount to telling a battalion of Rajpoots or Goorkhas that they must bear the brunt of a battle while the English soldiers formed the reserve. But the pious, and in this sense well directed, feelings of Hindus and Mohammedans may fairly be called on to supplement disbursements from the general treasury, and to form, according to their means and abilities, small social centres of relief. One native gentleman, in the famine of 1866, when the poor were flocking to Calcutta, to our personal knowledge, fed, out of his own resources, some thousands of his countrymen every day for two months. And his example in a minor degree was followed by many others. Lastly, we have the satisfaction of knowing that measures for relief are in the hands of two men the most qualified by character and experience to deal with a vast and complicated system of succour. Lord Northbrook is cautious, confident, full of activity and resource. Sir George Campbell was selected by Lord Lawrence to report on the Orissa famine, has the mechanism of Bengal well oiled and completely under his control, and is precisely in the position where his terrible energy, which is too much for some intellects in uneventful seasons, can do nothing but absolute good. Both have at their back highly-trained and high-minded subordinates, a full treasury, and ample warning. They are nobly supported by all the influence of the Indian Council and the Secretary of State, who, as we have just seen, has sanctioned by anticipation "any measures necessary for the saving of human life." If, under Providence, these men so warned, so encouraged, and so trusted, cannot solve the problem of keeping life in the bodies of even five millions, or twice five millions, of Asiatics, who can exist on rice and gruel without wanting more, the thing is hardly to be done by anything short of a direct miracle.

EXPERTS.

EXPERTS of all kinds have been gradually acquiring a footing in the courts of law, notwithstanding occasional remonstrances from the Bench; but the climax of expertism was probably reached in the recent action for libel by a dramatic writer against the *Pall Mall Gazette*. At least it is to be hoped that it was reached, for it does not require much reflection to see that the free use of this kind of evidence is likely to be attended with some amount of awkwardness. It was lately proposed to reduce the number of jurymen; but the jury might be abolished altogether

if experts are to be brought in to pass judgment on their behalf. We are familiar with experts in the form of mad doctors, chemical analysts, students of handwriting, and so on; but to be an expert in dramatic indecency strikes us as quite a new profession. We can imagine a chemist being asked to put a particular substance into a crucible, or to dip it into acid, or to test it in some other way, and then to report the result in court. But it is not so easy to understand the scientific detection of impropriety in a performance on the stage, and still less easy to understand a certificate by experts of the entire absence of impropriety. There are two ways perhaps in which the inquiry might be conducted. The expert might observe the effect of the performance on himself, or he might observe its effect on others. If it could be shown that most of the women in a theatre were sitting with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes, or that, on the contrary, they did not appear to be in the least disconcerted or ill at ease, this would no doubt be evidence of a certain sort. It would be more natural, however, that an expert should be allowed to give an account of his own sensations; but here we come upon one of the difficulties of the case. If we went to the dictionary we should find that an expert is a person of experience; but it is hard to say whether experience is desirable in determining a question of this nature. Experience may sharpen certain faculties, but it may also to some extent blunt perception. An actor of fifty and a dramatic critic of forty years' standing must probably in their time have seen or heard some very odd things on the stage, and it may be presumed that they would be rather past blushing on their own account. We are led into some curious speculations as to the training of an expert in dramatic decorum or indecorum. A doctor does not learn his profession by studying the condition of people in perfect health, and an expert in indecency could not expect to qualify himself for his duties by confining his attention to works of a perfectly irreproachable character. He would of course have to "walk the hospitals." We can imagine him spending a year or two in close attendance at the Palais Royal or the Bouffes, perhaps with M. Ravel or M. Hyacinthe as private tutor. As he passed into a higher region, M. Alexandre Dumas might superintend his education, and pass him through a course of refined and elegant nastiness. There is, however, a limit to being shocked, and an expert would probably open his eyes less widely at the end of his training than when he first began. His professional value would of course decline as his capacity for being shocked diminished.

It has been said that the only definition which can be given of libel is that it is anything for publishing which a jury thinks a man should be fined or sent to prison; and in the same way it may be said that impropriety in a book or a play is anything which a jury chooses to consider improper. It is very natural that an author or manager should consult experienced friends as to how far they think he can safely go in the development of a dangerously suggestive story; and there are probably experts who can gauge pretty accurately what the public will relish or endure in that way. But when a question is afterwards raised as to the propriety of a play, the opinions of experts are worth no more than the opinions of other people. It can hardly be pretended that decency or indecency is such an extremely abstruse and recondite matter that ordinary people cannot be expected to understand it. What has to be determined in such a case is not whether the work which has been challenged is satisfactory to certain actors and authors, or offensive to certain very sensitive and delicate-minded persons, but what is the broad public opinion on the subject; and this is very likely to be fairly represented by the twelve men who have to give a verdict. It is clear, however, that the jury ought to be left as far as possible to themselves in coming to a decision, and that the witnesses should be strictly confined to matters of fact. There is no reason to suppose that in the recent libel case the jury were much influenced by the opinions of dramatic experts, and therefore no harm was done; but it is a pity that judges are not more on the alert to check the introduction of a kind of testimony which is not only irrelevant and impertinent, but is practically an attack on the independence of the jury. There can be no pretext for bringing forward the views of experts except that the jury, without this guidance, would be unable to form a sound judgment for themselves; but if the jury cannot say whether a play is decent or indecent, it is difficult to know what sort of questions they are capable of deciding. There is another consideration which must not be overlooked. If this sort of evidence is to be allowed, where can the line be drawn? The defendant might have produced experts as well as the plaintiff, and a very nice question might have been raised as to who is and who is not an expert. Not long ago a well-known author was charged with having written an obscene book; but would he have been entitled to call as witnesses any of his friends who had read the book without being revolted by its contents? Surely the question in all such cases is simply whether there is or is not impropriety in the work which is challenged, and not whether certain persons have or have not been able to detect it. The decision is for the jury. One of the witnesses in the *Wicked World* case was the manager of the theatre at which the piece was produced; and on similar grounds the Court ought to admit the evidence of a publisher in favour of a book which he has himself published. And this starts us on another line of inquiry. If a manager may give evidence on behalf of an author or actor in his employment, it would seem to follow that the editor of a newspaper—who is of course an expert—should be permitted to

give evidence in favour of his contributors. Nor is there any reason why there should not be experts in libel as well as experts in indecency, and a jury may be supposed to be just as much, or as little, in want of this assistance in the one way as in the other. In short, if this kind of evidence is to be tolerated, it is hard to say where it will stop. What would have been said if counsel in the Tichborne case had called a lot of people out of the street to say that, having considered the evidence, they held that the Claimant was, or was not, Roger? Yet this is really not a whit more absurd than allowing witnesses to tell the jury what they ought to think of a book which is actually in their hands. In a nuisance case which was tried before Chief Justice Cockburn, experts were summoned to give an account of a bad smell, but the Chief Justice thought it better to take the jury to have a sniff at it themselves.

The circumstance to which we have called attention is trivial enough in itself, but it involves a dangerous precedent. The opening for the admission of the evidence of experts requires to be narrowed rather than widened. There can be no doubt that there has been a tendency on the part of medical men, and particularly of mad doctors, to abuse the privilege of appearing in the witness-box, and that they frequently attempt to pass off mere personal opinions as testimony to facts. There never is the slightest difficulty in obtaining any number of mad doctors to swear to the lunacy of any one—no matter how sane and sensible he may be in his general course of life—whose relations have an interest in getting him locked up, or in disputing his will. It is true that it is equally easy to get witnesses on the other side; but this is only an additional illustration of the worthlessness of scientific evidence which can always be obtained in any quantity on any side of a disputed question. Not long ago an attempt was made to prove that an old gentleman was mad because he did not like excursionists at the seaside, and said a great deal about the weather in his letters to his friends. It may be admitted that it is difficult in certain cases to draw the line sharply between evidence as to facts and evidence which is nothing more than an opinion or inference, and it is no doubt especially difficult to do so in medical cases. A doctor is asked whether certain marks on a dead body are not an indication that murder has been committed, or whether it may not be assumed that a man who does certain odd things is out of his mind. It may be said to be scientifically a matter of fact that certain appearances on a body indicate violence or that certain acts indicate insanity. Yet the Bench should be very chary of allowing a medical witness to sum up evidence in the form of general conclusions to be presented, cut and dry, to the jury. It is for the jury, with the assistance of the judge's summing-up, to draw its own conclusions from the evidence, and it is well that great jealousy should be shown of any encroachment on its special functions. It is a familiar remark that judges, as a rule, are by no means so strong in the back as they used to be; and that they allow counsel to conduct cases in their own way, both as regards length and as regards the nature of the evidence adduced, to an extent which would certainly not have been tolerated in other days. A vast amount of valuable time is wasted in hearing trumpery cases which ought not to be heard at all, and in listening to evidence which is really not evidence, but only personal opinion. It is absurd to put witnesses in the box to say things which, if said at all, should be said by counsel. The evidence of an expert should in fact be regarded with the same suspicion as the arguments of counsel. The expert has been brought into court to take a particular side just as the lawyer does, and it is known that he is already committed to a foregone conclusion. A trial by a jury of experts would of course be a very different thing. They would hear the evidence on both sides before they made up their minds, and would be free from prepossessions on one side or the other. A good deal might perhaps be said in favour of employing experts as jurymen or assessors, or even in favour of allowing them, under certain circumstances, to address the Court after the manner of counsel; but their employment in the witness-box should be watched with the greatest jealousy.

CHARITY ELECTIONEERING.

WE are glad to see that the question of charity electioneering is not to be allowed to pass out of sight. The unsatisfactory meeting at the Mansion House has been followed by another at which a Committee has been appointed to agitate for the reform of some of the worst abuses, if not for the radical alteration of the system. The case as stated by Sir Charles Trevelyan in a paper in *Macmillan's Magazine* is conclusive. A description of the system which has grown up almost unconsciously would be sufficient to secure its condemnation if matters of this kind were settled by reason. The arguments by which it is avowedly defended are indeed so significant as scarcely to need refutation. It is urged, for example, that the attack upon the existing evils will check the flow of subscriptions. This is an argument for saying nothing about any abuses whatever, however gross they may be. It amounts to claiming absolute irresponsibility for charitable institutions. We may content ourselves with saying that the very opposite principle is manifestly the right one. Charitable institutions have only too little responsibility; and the very first condition of preserving them in a healthy condition is that all grievances should be investigated as fully and as publicly as possible. The only effective check upon the

managers is the danger of diminishing their subscriptions. Their cry of indignation should encourage the assailants by proving that they are aiming at the really vulnerable point. We cannot wish for a better result than that the charities should be made to feel that the maintenance of their revenues depends upon the soundness of their system of management. If the charities in which the abuse flourishes decline in proportion to others, the flow of charity need not be diminished, the public will be clear gainers, and an improved system will gradually supplant the old. We could ask for nothing better.

But, it is said, every system has its disadvantages. That is an undeniable truth. It is as true as that all men are mortal, or that two and two make four; and is just about as relevant. Like the other argument, it may be alleged in favour of any abuse, and is therefore really in favour of none. If, however, it is meant to imply that every system has equal disadvantages, we must join issue with the advocates of the existing order. There are certain very simple and satisfactory tests which may be applied to any charitable institution; and it will not need many words to determine how far they can be satisfied by the electioneering system. In the first place, that system is the best, *ceteris paribus*, which tends least to demoralize the recipients. An ideal system would be one in which begging was altogether abolished, and the giver of alms sought for the most deserving objects, instead of waiting for deserving objects to come to him. The peculiarity of the electioneering system is that, instead of limiting begging, it makes at least ten beggars for every one that it helps. As Sir Charles Trevelyan tells us, there were in 1868 307 candidates for forty places in a certain hospital; and in 1871, 298 candidates for twenty places. In the latter case, many had been beaten at seventeen, eighteen, or nineteen half-yearly elections. In another case, one of the applicants at the age of seventy-six was making her twenty-sixth application. This is a regular result of the system; and we are not surprised to hear that poor women are frequently led into habits of idleness and dissipation by thus going about begging for years with all the misery of hope constantly deferred. Secondly, we may say that a system will be good in proportion as it secures the least possible waste of means. If a large part of the money subscribed is wasted without conferring any benefit on the applicants, the system is so far condemned. Here, again, the electioneering system seems to be expressly devised to secure as great a waste as possible. Every applicant, as we have seen, must count on a long course of expensive canvassing. It may often cost as much to get into an asylum as to secure a place on a School Board, or even a seat in Parliament. Sir Charles Trevelyan mentions a case, which we imagine to be anything but an extreme case, where a subscriber began a new canvass by sending 1,532 written (not lithographed) letters, inclosing 723 post-cards. An influential friend had issued 1,000 letters; and the widow had been furnished with 500 stamped cards. All the cumbrous machinery thus indicated was set in motion to secure a poor woman a trifling annuity; multiply the expenditure by the number of candidates, and compare the total with the actual amount of charity disbursed, and we are not surprised to find that more may be spent in agitating than in the legitimate purposes of the charity. We are told, for example, that in attempting to secure the election to a charitable institution of a woman named Mary Sadler, the sums spent amounted to 900*l*. This would brought in an annuity of 45*l*, and the capital would have remained to the poor woman's relatives on her death. The result of an election would have been to get her an annuity of twenty pounds a year, which would of course cease with her life. We are not surprised to find that in this case the friends of the candidate resolved, after many years' labour, to give her the money directly, and withdraw their subscriptions from the hospital. The working of the system may be still better judged from the fact that the best way of securing an election is to contract with a professional broker, who goes about touting, and collects money for postage, advertisements, and travelling expenses. These brokers sell votes, which, it seems, they have now a legal right to do, and a great part of the money goes into their own pockets. A third essential condition of a good system is that the best candidates should be elected as frequently as possible. How far that condition is likely to be secured may be guessed from what we have already said. Obviously the result of this cumbrous method is that the candidates are elected who have the highest and wealthiest friends; while those who add friendliness to poverty are deprived of all chance of success. Anything like discrimination is simply impossible. A subscriber is every year deluged with letters, each telling its tale of distress, which he has no means of investigating. Naturally he is reduced to utter perplexity, and at last chooses to fritter away his votes upon cases in which some vague personal claim of remote acquaintanceship may enable him to pick out one instance from the mass. Actual fraud has every chance under such arrangements. A man of some literary genius succeeded in living for a long time upon a sister whom he described as suffering from a complaint which prevented her from lying, sitting, or standing, and who therefore supported herself by resting on a bar. He got her into the Hospital for Incurables, where she was found not to answer the description; but meanwhile he made a comfortable income by begging money for the purchase of votes and other expenses. He next proceeded to provide her with "surgical appliances," and afterwards started a younger sister, who was really a healthy and prosperous housekeeper, but who in his representations figured as a semi-paralytic. She kept him for several years, till the Charity Organiza-

tion Society fortunately succeeded in providing him with a six months' lodging in gaol. And thus a gentleman who might probably have been a popular novelist has become a common impostor. We should like to know, though we are not informed, how it came to pass that the discovery of his manoeuvres in the first case did not bring his career to an end. This suggests a fourth condition of a sound system. The persons who distribute the charity should be under a genuine sense of responsibility. The weak side of all charitable institutions is the transference of responsibility from the subscriber to somebody else. We cannot all pass our time in investigating cases of hardship, and we are therefore forced to do our almsgiving by proxy. This is inevitable, but we should guard as much as possible against the resulting evils. How far this is done by the system we are considering may be easily imagined. Each subscriber looks after his own friends, and may, if he pleases, sell or exchange his votes. There is not even the pretence that all the cases shall be investigated and the most deserving have the preference. The elections are merely the result of a blind scramble, in which any sense of responsibility that may exist is diffused till it becomes practically nugatory. And accordingly we are not surprised to learn that in most cases the management of the charity is practically left to a small clique, who are active on the Committees, and whose decisions are simply registered by the general meetings. At one great charity, for example, fifteen subscribers formed the quorum for a "general meeting," and twenty for a "special general meeting." It was found so inconvenient to get so large a number as twenty that the number was in this case also reduced to fifteen. Finally, we may reckon it as one more condition of a sound system that it should not supplant any genuine and useful charity. In former years, as Sir Charles Trevelyan remarks, an old servant of a family was probably pensioned by those with whom he had lived for many years, and were therefore familiar with his wants and circumstances. Now the ladies of the family get up an agitation, make hundreds or thousands of applications to strangers, and succeed by the purchase of votes and otherwise in getting the elderly dependent taken off their hands. The other subscribers, who imagine themselves to be helping the poor and needy, may thus really be taking a burden off a rich man's shoulders, and providing for persons whom it was his natural duty to protect.

We find then that the electioneering system tends to aggravate the faults to which all charity by proxy is more or less liable; as is, indeed, the natural consequence of substituting for the personal discharge of duties an elaborate machinery worked by something like an American ring, though, as we of course admit, without anything like the same amount of corruption. The system practically results, however, in producing many of the results which would be produced by corruption. It demoralizes as much as possible the applicants; it raises as much as possible the proportion of the sums spent upon irrelevant objects to those spent in real charity; it removes all guarantees for the distribution of the funds raised to the persons who most need and most deserve them; it supports a whole body of parasitical agents, whose interests are directly opposed to the avowed ends of the institution; it gives every opportunity for downright fraud; it releases the managers from all real responsibility; and it tends to substitute a mechanical and demoralizing system for the spontaneous work of personal charity. If this is not enough to condemn the system, it is hard to see how any system can be condemned. Every criterion by which we can judge of its working is directly contravened. The answer that all human systems have their faults amounts therefore to saying that all charity is demoralizing; and the logical conclusion would be that all charity should be stopped. Political economists of a severe school might possibly accept this conclusion. We do not accept it, because we hold that it is within the powers of human ingenuity to suggest a mode of operation which shall not be liable to these objections, or at least not liable to them in the same degree. And we add that the agitation will be of some value if it impresses this consideration on the minds of managers, and forces them to give up defending the indefensible. Instead of simply replying *Non possumus*, they will find it answer in the long run to attempt to discover some feasible solution of the problem.

The late meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel decided, and we have no wish to dispute the soundness of their conclusions, that it was better not to attempt a root and branch reform of charitable institutions, but to aim at redressing some of the most palpable grievances. They proposed a system of regulations which should limit the canvassing system, and throw rather more responsibility upon the Committees. We have no doubt of the expediency of the palliations which they suggest; but we confess to doubting whether they will be adequate to meet the evil. The ingenuity of the persons whose interests or prejudices enlist them on the conservative side will probably be tasked to frustrate any efforts at a salutary reform; and we must confess that in such matters we fear that reactionary ingenuity is generally more than a match for the public spirit of reformers. However, we admit that there are great practical difficulties in the way of any sweeping change; and meanwhile any public discussion must do good, and, if it cannot break down a system so demoralizing, it will at any rate tend to keep within bounds some of the more palpable abuses.

POPE AND KAISER.

THE current saying that "history never repeats itself" is just one of those half-truths which for all practical purposes are almost wholly false. That the self-same events never recur in the life of a nation any more than in the life of an individual is of course so obvious as to be a truism, but that the same kinds of influences do act and react upon one another at different stages both of individual and social life, and often with very similar results, is no less certain. And this is what the proverb quoted above is commonly understood to deny. The denial was actually worked up into an elaborate philosophical—or rather theosophical—system by a great French writer of our own day, who aspired to reconstruct both the religion and the government of the world. Man-kind, as he supposed, had slowly passed, in a long succession of bygone generations, through the theological and metaphysical phases of popular belief, and was now entering on the third and final age of purely physical speculation. There was just enough plausibility about the theory to give it a fascination for some minds, while it fell in too readily with many of the commonplaces of modern Liberalism—though Comte was removed poles asunder from being a modern Liberal—not to be eagerly appropriated and repeated as a convenient cuckoo cry by a host of superficial orators and writers, who had never given, and indeed were hardly capable of giving, any serious thought to the subject. Yet the author of the theory was himself so far constrained to admit its inadequacy as a solution of the exigencies of the present, that he became the founder of a new religion, which however—to do him justice—though it included nine Sacraments, did not include a God. Nor has recent experience at all tended to confirm the accuracy of his estimate. We might indeed, judging from the events of the last quarter of a century, apply to religion the famous line of the Roman satirist about nature. Though modern theorists may desire to expel it with a fork, it is always turning up afresh with apparently undiminished vigour. Not to dwell here on the war of the Sonderbund, which was a professedly religious contest, all the great European wars of the last fifteen years have been more or less mixed up with ecclesiastical controversies, and even the American struggle was avowedly carried on by the North as a war of religious principle. At this moment a religious contest seems imminent in Turkey, as the Porte has just resolved on secularizing the immovable property of the Mahomedan clergy, which includes above half the landed property of the Empire. In short, to quote the words of a French journalist, "the religious question is the order of the day." It is therefore no matter for surprise if the heading of this article, though it refers immediately to the pending quarrel in Germany, should recall, as it is intended to recall, the Guelf and Ghibelline contests of the middle ages.

We could almost imagine ourselves to be still witnessing the progress of the great Investiture controversy which exercised so many generations of Popes and Emperors, from the time of Hildebrand downwards, when we read the latest ecclesiastical news from Posen. Nor are the weapons used on either side very different from those wielded so energetically by the Gregories and Fredericks of a former age. The *ultima ratio* of interdict and deposition is not, it is true, considered practically available, though the right is strenuously vindicated in the abstract, in dealing with Protestant or half-Protestant Governments and States. But excommunication and appeals to popular enthusiasm on the one hand, and fines and imprisonment on the other, are the rough-and-ready expedients of the combatants in the nineteenth century, as well as in the thirteenth. The last reports inform us that the lower clergy in Sarmatia, acting under the direction of their Archbishop, are inciting the people to resist the law; and an article in the official organ of the Imperial Government only the other day closed with the ominous remark that "the effect on the Roman bishops of incarceration promptly inflicted has not yet been tested. In our opinion, it must lead either to their yielding or to their voluntary expatriation. Either result will equally satisfy the State." And it is in fact pretty clear that matters are rapidly approaching a crisis in the archdiocese of Posen, where one party or the other must go to the wall. Archbishop Ledochowski, who had already incurred several heavy fines for disobedience to the new laws, has at last been publicly called upon to resign his see. He has of course peremptorily refused, and the case will now be officially investigated and reported upon, with the inevitable result of a trial before the new Appellate Court for Ecclesiastical Causes, which will as surely proceed to deprive him. And then comes the further question—what next? If any doubt could have been entertained of the policy of Rome, it would be sufficiently dispelled by the closing words of the Pope's recent letter to the Archbishop—of which more presently—where His Holiness supplicates for him, his clergy and people, "that unflinching unanimity which annihilates and exhausts all the power of the adversary, and thus procures a fresh victory for justice, and fresh glory for the Church." But what will the Emperor do? If he fills up the see, which in the eye of Rome has never become vacant, he can only fill it up by an Old Catholic appointment, perhaps by appointing Bishop Reinkens, whom the Pope has just excommunicated by name. How far such an arrangement would be feasible depends of course mainly on the disposition of the Catholic clergy and population of the diocese, which it may not be easy to gauge beforehand. On the other hand, if the see is not filled up, the victory will virtually remain with the other side.

Nor is the case of Archbishop Ledochowski by any means an

isolated one. Even if the Archbishop of Cologne and several other prelates had not already been involved in difficulties with the Government which can only have the same termination, bishops are not immortal, and the question of filling up vacant sees could not long remain in abeyance. According to existing Concordats, the process of appointing bishops in Prussia—where the Catholic equally with the Evangelical Church is established and endowed—is a very simple one. The Chapter of the vacant see selects a certain number of names which are submitted for approval to the King, who may strike out any one he pleases as not being *personæ grata Regi*, or may, if he likes, cashier the whole list and leave the Chapter to make a fresh selection. But two names at least of those submitted for approval must eventually be returned, and from this remnant Rome has to choose the new prelate. It will be seen therefore that the power of the Government is far more restricted than in Catholic States, where the Crown usually nominates absolutely, a mere veto being reserved to the Pope, who can only exercise it on some specified canonical ground. But even this limited right of interference is intolerable to the Papacy in its present temper. A Bull has been issued under the title of *Pontifex Maximus*—the title inherited by the Popes from the Pagan Emperors—which does not so much abrogate as simply ignore the rights secured to the Crown in this matter by the existing regulations, with the express concurrence of the Holy See. With a sublime contempt for historical precedents, whether ancient or modern, it ascribes to "the Supreme Vicegerent of God on earth" absolute and exclusive power to nominate all bishops throughout the world, without even a passing reference to any civil claims, if only for the purpose of rejecting them. The election of the Chapter may still be tolerated as an innocuous formality, but merely as a means of indicating local wishes at Rome, which may or may not be complied with. And English and Irish Roman Catholics have had abundant proof that, in elections to which any critical importance is attached, their wishes will not be taken into account. In both countries the present head of the Roman hierarchy was forced upon them by Rome, after all the nominees of the local clergy had been ignominiously set aside. Such high-handed policy is a perfectly natural result of the Vatican decrees, though it seems to reflect rather oddly on the infallibility of former occupants of the chair of Peter. But many of the bishops who voted for the new dogma are said to have imperfectly realized its retrospective application, and we may perhaps safely assume that the infallible Pontiff is more anxious to utilize his newly acknowledged powers in promoting the aggrandizement of his see than in vindicating the consistency of his predecessors. At all events, modern Governments have to reckon with modern Popes, whose claims must be taken at their own valuation, in considering how to deal with them.

We referred just now to the Pope's letter to Archbishop Ledochowski, dated November 3 last, which has just found its way into the newspapers. The language of the illustrious "prisoner" leaves no doubt that he at least will not flinch from the contest. Scarcely has he taken up his pen before the policy of the German Government and its ultimate results are delicately summed up in the observation that "the attacks directed by the powers of hell and the malice of man will be in vain." Soon afterwards we come upon a graphic description of the nature of these diabolical attacks:—"Contempt, calumny, laws and temporal superiority are arrayed against the Church; its professors are designated rebels"—we had really fancied it was the Pope himself who applied that designation to the most distinguished Roman Catholic Professors living—"its bishops are condemned as agitators by courts of law, and persecuted with fines, deprived of their offices, and driven into exile. Religious Orders are prohibited, the clergy gagged, the education of priests in the spirit of the Church forbidden, in order that neither may the people be confirmed in the principles of religion, nor any hope be left of training able and faithful servants of the altar; property dedicated to the Church is robbed." And last, but not least, "the chief helmman of the Church is kept in bondage"—a tolerably *libera custodia* to all appearance—"although already utterly despoiled," not of abundant supplies of money, as this very letter elsewhere testifies, "in order that he may not govern the Church freely according to his powers." The despoiled prisoner of the Vatican goes on to acknowledge the offerings sent to him from the afflicted diocese of Posen, which he professes some scruple about accepting from those who are so sorely tried at home—and likely to be still more so, if they mean to pay all the fines incurred by their pugnacious Archbishop—but which nevertheless he does not decline. So far then as can be gathered from their words and actions hitherto, both parties seem resolved to fight it out to the bitter end. And, in a struggle of this kind, where brute force is brought to bear on moral endurance, armed with the skill derived from an experience of centuries and the obstinate persistency of a power which boasts that it is patient because it is eternal, mere physical pressure, whether or not it assumes the form of direct persecution, is very likely to be worsted in the long run. It is only natural to assume that a statesman like Prince Bismarck has not entered on the campaign without first counting the cost, and he has of course far better opportunities than any outsider of knowing the precise nature and relative strength of the forces with which he has to reckon. But statesmen are sometimes apt to miscalculate the comparative strength of spiritual and material forces, and an over-reliance on the latter in the present condition of ecclesiastical affairs in Germany might prove a serious mistake. The issue of the contest between Church and State, which is now become an

internecine one, will really turn on the internal condition of the Catholics themselves. If the Old Catholic party among them, as distinct from mere indifferentists or nominal adherents, is strong enough to hold its own and supply a religious basis for an anti-Vatican policy, the Bismarck legislation may be a success, but hardly otherwise. And that is a question of fact on which those behind the scenes can alone be competent judges.

LOSS OF THE *VILLE DU HAVRE*.

ANOTHER "terrible collision at sea" has been occupying the newspapers of the week, and the result of the statements hitherto made appears to be that a steamer has been lost, with many of her passengers and crew, for want of a good look-out. We say nothing as to the conduct of the sailing-vessel which struck her, but we may say that a steamer can almost always avoid being struck. The *Ville du Havre* left New York with 313 passengers and crew on board. For several days a thick fog prevailed, which necessitated the most careful attention on the part of the captain and officers; but on the night of Friday, 21st of November, the fog had cleared away, and there was bright starlight. Passengers and crew felt relieved from the danger of the fog, and retired to rest, in hopes of a pleasant voyage to France. The captain, who had scarcely quitted the deck since the vessel left New York, went to his cabin about twelve o'clock, leaving the second officer in charge. About two o'clock on Saturday morning a dreadful crash was felt, and the bow of a large vessel was seen projecting over the deck. The *Loch Earn* sailing-ship had struck the steamer on the starboard side just about midships, cutting a hole in her deck twelve feet deep, and breaking in the iron plates of the steamer for twenty-five or thirty feet. From the force of the collision, the mainmast and mizenmast fell, smashing in their fall the two large boats of the steamer, and killing numbers of passengers; and from the rapidity with which the vessel went down, the crew were only able to launch the whale-boat and the captain's gig. In twelve minutes from the time of the collision the *Ville du Havre* had sunk. The *Loch Earn*, after getting clear, kept on her course for a mile, and then hove to, and launched her boats to pick up the passengers and crew. In all 87 persons were saved out of a total of 313 who were on board.

There is almost nothing to add to this statement of the known facts of the case. It is painful to assume that an officer of the *Ville du Havre* who perished with her neglected his duty; but it is more painful to assume that he fully performed it, because in that case there would appear to be no security whatever against collision if two ships unfortunately happen to approach each other at night. A survivor of the wreck heard from the man on the look-out, who it seems has perished, that the *Loch Earn* had no side lights burning; but whether that is true or not he cannot say. There may perhaps be conflicting evidence on this point, and we have no desire to prejudge it. Our object is to show that on any possible supposition the lives of passengers are in serious danger unless a degree of vigilance be exercised which in fact was not exercised on this occasion. Any law requiring lights to be carried at sea is liable to be neglected; and it is not many years ago that a Channel steamer with passengers came into collision on this account with a vessel in the Straits of Dover, and it was owing only to the unusual stillness of the night that the passengers escaped with life. If speed really is considered superior in importance to safety, this ought to be clearly understood, in order that those who prefer safety may exercise an option, if there be any—which there probably is not—as to the method of conveyance which they will adopt. Suppose you have to drive home on a dark night, and time is important, because if you are late the house will be closed and the inmates will be sleeping the sleep which rewards the toil of a well-spent day. The road may be quite clear, and you may drive at a good pace without mischief; but, also, the road may be obstructed. If all carriages are driven on the assumption that there will be nothing in the way, some of them must come to grief. A railway train is driven on this assumption, but then a railway is specially constructed and reserved for the passage of trains. There is room enough in the Atlantic for all the ships that traverse it, but ships keep for the most part in certain courses, and there is no security against collision except vigilance. If the watch on board a ship cannot see far enough ahead to alter her course in time to avoid collision, she ought to proceed slowly, or not at all. But if they can, it is possible that their eyes would be quickened by the knowledge that they were going at a speed which must be fatal to life if they do run into another ship. The point to be urged against the *Ville du Havre* is that she, being a steamer, had the means of avoiding collision with the *Loch Earn*, if she had kept a tolerable look-out. A very slight change of course or quickening or slackening of speed would have made all the difference, and it is hardly conceivable that there was not time for this after the approaching ship was, or might have been, perceived. It is of little use to survey the ocean, and mark accurately all its rocks and shoals, if obstacles of which no sufficient heed is taken are scattered upon its surface. We are almost driven to think that what is gained in one way is lost in another. Some dangers of the sea are diminished, but others are increased. There are many more ships afloat than there used to be, and it has come nearly to this, that a ship managed as the ship which has been lost was managed is about as safe on one of the highways of the ocean as a foot passenger who should cross Fleet Street without looking to his right or left. The ladies and gentle-

men of the *Ville du Havre* would have doubtless grumbled very much if their passage to France had been, in their opinion, unnecessarily delayed. After a week of fog it was natural to desire to push on during a clear night. We don't say that speed is incompatible with safety; indeed we rather think that the fastest ships may be the safest, just as express trains on railways meet with fewest accidents. But when an express train does meet with an accident, it is generally of the kind to put the newspapers to a considerable expense in adjectives. The captain of the lost ship had been on deck day and night during the fog, and he had gone to rest under the apparent belief that only the ordinary perils of a night at sea remained. It is almost equally disquieting to assume that this belief was or was not well founded.

Regulations for preventing collisions at sea are sufficiently numerous and precise, and the only difficulty is to ensure their observance. Sea-going steam-ships shall carry at the foremast head a bright white light, on the starboard side a green light, and on the larboard side a red light. A sailing-ship shall carry the same lights as a steamer except the white masthead light. If two ships, one of which is a sailing-ship and the other a steam-ship, are proceeding in such directions as to involve risk of collision, the steam-ship shall keep out of the way of the sailing-ship. Every steam-ship when approaching another ship so as to involve risk of collision shall slacken her speed, or, if necessary, stop and reverse. These rules, or something like them, are, we believe, adopted in theory by all civilized nations, and they seem sufficient to prevent that which nevertheless occurred. If the *Loch Earn* had her lights up, she was justified in assuming that the *Ville du Havre* would give way to her. Indeed, it is a rule that, where one of two ships is, according to the rules already stated, to keep out of the way, the other shall keep her course; but due regard must be had to any special circumstances which may render a departure from the rules necessary in order to avoid immediate danger. Thus if the sailing-ship had seen that the steamer was coming at her with reckless disregard of all rules, it would have been her duty to alter her own course if she could, so as to avoid collision. If the sailing-ship had not her lights, and if she acted as she ought to have acted if she had lights, then indeed her culpability, both moral and legal, would be serious. But of course we can make no assumption on this point. We can only say that it appears to us that human life is sufficiently valuable to require the officer in charge of a steamer to assume the possibility of meeting an unlighted sailing-ship who will behave as if she had lights, and to impose upon that officer the duty of exercising vigilance accordingly. But we are quite aware that an opinion, or at least practice, prevails extensively which is opposed to ours. There are adventurous people who with or without inducement will brave unnecessary risks, but it is rather hard upon timid people to have to go to sea in the same ship with them. It is perhaps almost time that the timid people were allowed to exercise some influence on the management both of railways and ocean steamers. It is highly important to make a journey quickly; but it is more important not to be killed or wounded on the road. Such accidents as this of the *Ville du Havre* are disquieting not only for the loss and sorrow they occasion, but because they suggest doubts as to the soundness of our naval system, both for commercial and warlike purposes. The Royal Navy necessarily sets the fashion, if we may so say, to the merchant service; and if we find recklessness in the latter, we may suspect that vigilance is not the most strongly developed quality of the former. There is some reason to fear that our whole navy has departed from those habits of ceaseless watchfulness which were produced by years of hostility with our nearest neighbours. The lesson taught by Howe and Nelson to the seamen of their age was "out of the nettle danger to pluck the flower safety." The apparent facility with which the most brilliant exploits of our navy were performed disguises the habits of unvarying precaution which made those exploits possible. One of the best points about our present race of seamen is that when they get into a mess they show energy, judgment, and courage in getting out of it. But we would rather they should not get into a mess if they could help it. Speaking generally, the conduct of officers and crews in sudden and difficult emergencies has been of late years most praiseworthy. Still we had rather that so many of this kind of opportunities of exhibiting these virtues should not be provided. There is, we think, too much disposition to hold on a course and take all chances for the sake of a quick passage; and perhaps the spirit which thus displays itself is an inevitable production of a long peace. If seamen are not involved in real dangers, there is a disposition to contrive them; and of course life in the mercantile navy was much more exciting when a privateer might pop out of Cherbourg or Dunkirk, and capture an East India ship within sight of home. In the Royal Navy there have been some examples of loss through incurring danger without adequate necessity. The *Captain* was lost from a notion of keeping up her credit as a ship, and we do not believe that such a notion would have prevailed in Nelson's age. We shall hear in due time further particulars of this collision; but however the facts may ultimately shape themselves, we can conceive no explanation which must not be exceedingly disquieting to passengers by ocean steamers.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S "SHADOW OF DEATH."

WE may safely prophesy that no picture will in the coming season excite so much interest or provoke such warm debate as this startling apparition of Christ in the carpenter's

shop. And we may be sure that as to the merits and demerits of the work, both in its conception and its treatment, the diversity of opinion will be commensurate with the vast number of spectators. The picture is a performance which everybody must see and talk about. Perhaps the mind may be best prepared to receive this new reading of an old subject by recalling to memory the artist's previous pictures. "The Light of the World"—Christ with a lantern, knocking at a closed door—was a conception which arrested attention by its singularity and its hidden meaning. Again, "The Scapegoat" driven into the wilderness moved the imagination by its realistic truth and its suggested symbolism. In like manner, "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple" was a subject thought out with singular independence and realized with the utmost detail. Passing to secular themes, "The After-Glow" and "The Pot of Basil" show with what fidelity and ardour the artist has of late been striving for brilliant colour illumined by dazzling sunlight. The remembrance of these works individually and collectively tells what we may now expect; in other words, "The Shadow of Death" is as a sequel which can be best read and interpreted by its antecedents. It comes as the mature fruit of an earnest and laborious life; it is the latest expression of an unflinching faith; the creed of "pre-Raffaellism," in which the artist was reared, and of which he now remains perhaps the only unswerving disciple, has never found so thoroughgoing an exponent.

The picture admits of easy description; the characters are but two, Christ and the Madonna; the scene is laid in a carpenter's shop hung with tools and strewn with shavings. The accessories have been studied on the spot. Thus we are told that "the tools on the rack are from a collection of ancient carpenters' implements bought at Bethlehem"; in like manner the rounded arch of the windows, the draperies, and the design of the box supposed to contain the gifts of the Three Kings are substantiated by extant examples. Nothing is the creation of the imagination; historic truth is reached through selection of still existing facts, a process which is all the more trustworthy from the known permanence of Oriental forms. This carpenter's shop was indeed in part painted "in a carpenter's shop," and the figure and head of Christ were studied from living models in Palestine. The characters introduced are, as we have said, only two. The Madonna is the reverse of conspicuous; she is crouching down, she turns her back on the spectator, her face is not seen. One advantage of this unusual arrangement is the prominence gained for the principal figure. Christ, a full-grown man, at least six feet tall, stands in the midst of the small workshop; the day is done, and long toil brings weariness; the arms are up-stretched as if in relief from long tension, and the down-going sun which fills the room with light, and illumines the face with radiant glory, casts the figure in shadow upon the wall. The arms are uplifted, the shadow is the figure of the cross—"The Shadow of Death."

The choice of subject in itself indicates the dividing line which separates ancient from modern art. We can scarcely recall in Italy, either in pre-Raffaellite or in post-Raffaellite periods, the same theme. We have, of course, pertaining to the earlier days which preceded the years of ministration, the Flight into Egypt, the Dispute with the Doctors, and the Baptism; but seldom is Christ depicted in mundane work, one probable reason being that the character and mission of sacred art demanded that the human should be merged in the divine. It was not till the arts became secularized that we find the carpenter's shop freely admitted within the pale of pictorial narrative. The modern Germans, Carl Müller for example, have represented Jesus as a boy sawing wood, and Mr. Millais in his younger days painted an analogous subject. We do not make this statement so much by way of objection as for the sake of elucidation. We point to these historic distinctions in the pictorial representation of the life of the Saviour in order the better to determine the whereabouts of the work before us. One of the inferences we thus arrive at is that we are here thrown not so much within the domain of high art as of *genre*. This interior, with its accessories, pertains more to the literalness of Dutch art than to the high generalization of Italian schools. We do not speak in unconsciousness of many noble and redeeming traits when we say that the attitude chosen is that of a tired-out labourer in the act of stretching his weary arms. Yet it must be conceded that the hands are most studious in drawing and exquisitely subtle in expression.

But the painter has endeavoured, and not wholly in vain, to elevate his subject by means of symbolism. Not only does the shadow on the wall prefigure the agony on the Cross, but the tools, it is said, are so arranged on the rack as to signify the nails and instruments of torture. In the corner are reeds which refer to the mock sceptre of a king put into the hand at the time of buffeting. Again, the circular window which looks out on the evening sky is so placed as to surround the head as with a nimbus, while a smaller star-shaped opening is supposed to refer to the star which was seen in the East. We are not sure whether this ingenious elaboration of hidden meanings may be of the nature of milk for babes or of meat for strong men. Such art reminds us of the mysticism and symbolism which coloured our sacred poetry in bygone centuries; yet Crashaw's "Steps to the Temple" leave the reader as far from heaven as when he begins a stanza with "O Mighty Nothing" and ends with nothing. It may be admitted, however, that the painter passes from arbitrary and artificial symbolism to natural significance when, in the worn and weary figure, and in the heavy laden spirit, of the Saviour he gives a foretaste of agony and of death. We are not certain that we follow the artist so readily when the endeavour is made to exalt the dignity of labour by

representing the Saviour "gaining His bread by the sweat of His face." Yet, by way of apology, we are told that this is the only picture which has ventured to show "Christ in full manhood enduring the burden of common toil." The age may be taken as between twenty-five and thirty, that period concerning which the Gospels are silent, a significant fact which perhaps might teach our painters not to enlarge on what is little revealed. In fact it may be objected that this last contribution to sacred art is quite as much legendary as biblical, and that the spirit by which it is animated, though not the reverse of reverent, has more of the accent of mundane legends and of apocryphal books than of the tone of inspired writings. There is a curious tradition recounted in the so-called "Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ," that St. Joseph "was not very skilful at the carpenter's trade," and that, among other blunders, he made a mistake in a throne which he had to construct for the King of Jerusalem. And the story goes that the Child Jesus set all right as by miracle. The process, be it observed, was not that of mechanical work, but of miraculous power. And though it may be equally hard to get warranty either for the narrative in the legend or for the incident in the picture, yet it would seem that the miraculous story is in better keeping with the accepted events and deeds in the life of the Saviour. In the "Dispute in the Temple" the idea certainly is that the wisdom was given from above, and there can be no doubt that the old painters were ever actuated by a like motive when they sought to embody the divine in the human. Even the Infant in the "Sistine Madonna" has a supernatural outlook in the dazzled and entranced eye. But it were too hard not to allow a painter the license which by common consent is accorded to the poet. The thoughts to which Mr. Holman Hunt has given such earnest expression may be open to criticism, especially as the picture is painted on the basis of literal truth; but though we criticize, we cannot wholly condemn. The attempt, as we have seen, is to elevate materialism by mysticism, and to make even the accessories of an inanimate realism instinct with spiritual symbolism.

The head of the Saviour and the figure, the greater part of which is undraped, have evidently, in common with every other part of the picture, received anxious thought. And the result is an independence of treatment which will throw the world into controversy. In the first place, we may remark that, though the idea of the existence of any trustworthy portrait of Christ has long been abandoned, yet there is, as we all know, a type which for centuries obtains acceptance. Mr. Hunt, throwing aside the traditional form, goes to nature and makes for himself a new type. To this there can be no objection, provided only he realizes the fundamental idea of the character, which is the divine residing in the human. We believe that two or more models have been employed, a practice for obvious reasons habitual with both painters and sculptors; the defects of one model are thus rectified by the others. In the present instance the torso and limbs have been studied from a man in Syria better known for his physique than for his moral attributes. The artist has articulated the form firmly; the anatomy has nerve and sinew; the modelling is sharp and even severe; the style and manipulation are somewhat between the early Italian and the early German; the colour is warm to crudity. The physical frame is that of a man well proportioned, strongly and compactly knit in bone and muscle, fitted by nature for skilled manual labour; and so far the artist gains what he aims at. Yet, judged by the highest standards, more might be desired. Winckelmann describes the steps by which the ancient sculptors ascended from heroes to gods; and Leonardo in the "Last Supper," and Thorwaldsen in the noble figure which stands in the Frauen Kirche, Copenhagen, endeavoured, in the words of Winckelmann, to realize "the prophetic declaration which announced the Saviour as the most beautiful of the children of men." And we are glad to recognize in our English painter somewhat of the same belief. The reading of the character is not that which prevailed in the early centuries under the misinterpretation of the words "There is no beauty that we should desire him"; it corresponds more to the opinion of M. Renan and others, who point to the manifest power of Christ's personal presence as proof of a physical beauty which may be supposed to approach the superhuman. Mr. Hunt, it is understood, met with an actual head which, with modifications, served him for a model, just as Leonardo is said to have used the study from the life now in the Brera, Milan, for his consummated wall picture. The Italian artist, it is stated, could not satisfy himself for a long time—a story which may well be believed when we contemplate the generalized ideal of the ultimate product. It is obvious that Mr. Holman Hunt has adhered more closely to individual nature; hence his type has more of the actual and less of the ideal. The head is crowned with auburn hair, which falls in disordered curls upon the shoulders; the beard is short, the mouth open showing teeth white as ivory; the eyes, liquid and lustrous as gems, are turned upwards. It is often written "And Christ looked up to heaven"; the artist has seized on such a moment, and in his upraised face we read not only the weariness of the flesh through labour, but the anguish of the spirit, and the prayer for divine aid. The conception is truly Christian.

It remains to say a word as to the position assigned to the Madonna. "Mariolatry" suffers rebuke; the Virgin's face, as we have said, is not seen; the figure is subordinate to the principal character. In this bold innovation on prescriptive practice we have yet another proof that modernism prevails over mediævalism. In conclusion, we repeat that there may be much in the picture from which many

people will dissent; but, if we mistake not, few, if any, will withhold deep respect. The work is the earnest labour of five years, the canvas shines under the sun of Palestine, the picture comes from the land in which the Saviour lived and taught; it is the unburdening of a mind that has long dwelt on the noblest theme that can tax or inspire a painter's genius.

THE THEATRES.

WHEN the *Road to Ruin* was first produced merchants lived over their counting-houses in the City. The first and best act of this play begins at two o'clock in the morning, and we see the elder Dornton seated at a table with candles lighted awaiting the return of his spendthrift son from Newmarket. In the range of modern English comedy there are no finer parts than those of the two Dorntons; but a play that depends on male characters alone for its attractions can hardly be permanently popular, and unfortunately one of the chief female characters is weak, while the other is detestable. But after performing the *School for Scandal* uninterruptedly for some fifteen months, the managers of the Vaudeville Theatre were almost compelled to make some change, and they certainly have not done wrong in giving to the successful performer of Sir Peter Teazle an opportunity of appearing as the elder Dornton.

The acting edition of this play has prefixed to it a short criticism by Hazlitt, who regards the character of the elder Dornton as "an admirable representation of that class of English merchants who to plain manners and an unassuming outside unite unsophisticated upright sentiments." The outside of the elder Dornton would not nowadays be considered unassuming, but when this play was produced it was expected that a rich merchant would dress more handsomely than his chief clerk. These remarks by Hazlitt offer one of the instances, which are by no means common, of a preface to a book being useful. If his description of Dornton be read before the curtain rises, it will heighten the reader's sympathy for this old man, "whose name stands at the head of his firm, and is written in the hearts of the distressed," when he is seen struggling between love for his son and anger at his son's vices. He charges his head clerk, if he sees his son begging or starving in the streets, not to give him a single guinea; and when the clerk assures him that he will be careful to obey his orders, he turns upon him with, "What, would you see him starve?" The clerk assures his master that there is no danger of that, and he hopes that the son will soon make a fine man. "Will!" says the father, "there is not a finer, handsomer, nobler-looking youth in the world." The clerk, getting sadly puzzled by the conflicting impulses of his master's mind, says that if his master will only tell him what his pleasure is, he will endeavour to act like a faithful servant. The master answers that he is a faithful servant, but he is not a father. At this point enters Mr. Sulky, a partner in Dornton's bank, with news that young Dornton had lost ten thousand pounds at Newmarket, had drawn bills for the amount two days before his name had, by his father's order, been struck out of the firm, and that this fact being publicly known will cause a run upon the bank, stoppage, disgrace, bankruptcy. The father's anger now flames up; he bids his head clerk call together all the servants, clerks, and footmen, tell them their young master is a scoundrel, and bid them shut the door in his face. But the son's influence is stronger than the father's order; and in the next scene Harry Dornton is in the house, and presently he encounters his father, to whose reproaches he answers, "These things are much easier done than defended." The father tells him that his name has been formally erased from the firm. The suspicions already incurred by the known profligacy of a principal in the firm, the immense sums drawn, the publicity, the run on the house, the consternation in the City—when the father has got thus far with his complaints, the son answers, "All very terrible, and some of it very true." The father rejoins that if he should happily outlive the storm thus raised, it shall not be to support a prodigal, or to reward a gambler. He tells his son that he is disinherited, and shows him the deed, which the son puts aside with "Your word is as good as the bank." The elder Dornton protests that he will no longer be the dotting father fascinated by the son's arts. The son answers, "I never had any art, sir, except that of loving you." At this the father almost relents, but he will not bid his son "good night." The son urges his request so eloquently that all fathers will forgive, and many would share, Dornton's weakness. "Sleep in enmity," says he, and who can say how soundly? Still the father perseveres, and when he goes off the son exclaims, "Why, then, my noble-hearted dad, I am indeed a scoundrel." But the father returns to say "good night," and the curtain falls on the first and best act of the play. The son, in courting Sophia, has met and fascinated Widow Warren, who is Sophia's mother, and when the run on the bank begins and lasts over the day, he resolves to marry the widow in order to gain command of her 50,000*l.*, and thus save his father's credit. Maddened at once by grief and wine, he proposes to the widow, and is accepted. But the father hears of the intended sacrifice, and by the help of Mr. Sulky, who has suddenly come into a fortune, he averts it.

Some of the scenes almost reach the solemnity of tragedy, but an air of absurdity pervades and spoils the whole. This handsome gay young man, about to marry a lady of forty years, is presented to us as an object of compassion like the pretty girl in the last number of the *Illustrated News*, chained to a stake and waiting to

be devoured by the crocodiles which are slowly moving down upon her. No doubt the parties to an incongruous match are to be pitied, but the subject is disagreeable, and not less so when the middle-aged woman intends to marry the young man with whom her daughter is in love. However, the marriage does not actually take place. A supposed clergyman who has undertaken to perform the ceremony turns out to be the elder Dornton, who returns the money which his son had borrowed of the widow. Young Dornton of course marries Sophia, while the widow receives back into favour her rejected lover Goldfinch. Besides the two Dorntons the play depends mainly upon Goldfinch, a "fast" man of the day, and Silky, a roguish lawyer, who "must provide for his family," and engages for a bribe of 50,000*l.* to destroy a will. The terror of Silky when the completion of his bargain is interrupted by knocking from a closet which contains Sulky is as near to farce as other scenes are to tragedy. But when the characters of Silky and Goldfinch are well acted, as they are by the managers of the theatre, it is irresistible. Mr. Farnen sustains as Old Dornton the reputation which he has acquired at this theatre, and Mr. Charles Warner is perhaps as good a representative as could be found of the part of young Dornton. The ladies are acted as well as they deserve, and probably the general effect will be improved by a few more performances. In Hazlitt's time the character of Goldfinch gave "an almost unprecedented popularity" to this play. He was then, however, a picture of contemporary manners. But although he looks coarse and vulgar and talks horsy slang, we do not feel as if we expected to meet exactly him upon a race-course, nor is the house now electrified by his consigning dancing-masters and umbrellas to perdition.

Another and less hopeful revival of an old play has been made at the Strand Theatre. It has been said of the *Belle's Stratagem* that the method Letitia Hardy takes to disgust her lover is much more certain of success than is her contrivance to win him back; and we fear that this criticism is only too just. Yet this play will always please when a pretty and clever actress undertakes the part of Letitia. It is exactly what the *Road to Ruin* is not. Here everything depends upon the women; there all rests upon the men. It is more easy on the modern stage to find a Letitia than a Doricourt; but if the present fashion of reviving old comedies should hold, it will be absolutely necessary to recruit our theatrical companies with a few good-looking young gentlemen. The date of this play may be fixed by the compliment paid to Letitia on her entrance, "Staying to be shot at by such eyes is equal to a *rencontre* with Paul Jones." She has met Doricourt that morning at the chambers of the family lawyer, and he saw her charms unmoved. "A husband of fifteen months could not have examined me with more cutting indifference." Her friend Mrs. Racket reminds her that Doricourt has seen a thousand pretty women, and his romantic fancies have been over long ago. They have been engaged to marry from childhood, but have not met for years, and Doricourt has been travelling abroad. She fears that she was less agreeable in his eyes than he appeared in hers. Mr. Hardy assures his daughter that she is mistaken, "for I asked him, and he said he liked you very well." This, however, is hardly satisfactory. As he does not like her enough, she will make him like her less. "Because 'tis much easier to convert a sentiment into its opposite than to transform indifference into tender passion." Her stratagem consists in assuming the manner and talk of a rough country girl, so that the fastidious Doricourt may be thoroughly disgusted with Miss Hardy, and then putting forth all her charms of manner and conversation at a masquerade, so that he may become fascinated with a mysterious stranger, in whom Miss Hardy may ultimately be revealed. The scene where she plays the hoyden is, with good acting, very amusing, and it ought properly to be embellished with the song "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" but that is omitted at the Strand Theatre. She tells her astonished lover how she had flirted with the curate, and how at a certain point she checked her reverend admirer. "Look you, Mr. Curate, don't think to come over me with your flim-flams, for a better man than ever trod in your shoes is coming over sea to marry me." But she begins to think she was mistaken. "Parson Dobbins was the sprightfullest man of the two." It is delightful to think how an exquisite like Doricourt must have received these sallies of his affianced wife. The curate used to call her "Venis." We next see her at the masquerade, where Doricourt declares that "she dances divinely," and, as he says afterwards, "he saw her, loved her, died for her, without knowing her." The minuet is omitted, and the masquerade is altogether a tame affair. Mr. Hardy pretends to be ill, sends for Doricourt, and begs that the marriage with his daughter may be solemnized before his death. Doricourt is bound in honour to consent. "Make haste," says he, "if I have time to reflect, poor Hardy will die unhappy." No sooner is he married than a strange lady arrives masked, and informs the company that a few hours ago Doricourt swore to her eternal love. At this moment Mr. Hardy, who has never been ill in his life, becoming tired of lying in bed among the physic bottles, gets up, walks in upon the party, and reproaches Doricourt for showing passion for the strange lady now that he is married to Hardy's daughter. Doricourt announces that he will leave his fortune and his name to his wife, but his person will betake itself abroad. Only he begs the strange lady to grant the favour she denied last night, and show what her mask conceals. She complies, and Doricourt kneels in rapture at his wife's feet. May all belles find their stratagems end as prosperously!

This pleasant, bustling play is tolerably well acted at the Strand

Theatre; but no member of the company displays any special excellence, and unless the leading parts are very well done indeed, the best scenes lose much of their effect.

REVIEWS.

COBDEN AND MODERN POLITICAL OPINION.*

MR. THOROLD ROGERS has many claims to attention as a political essayist. He is a vigorous and lucid writer, a learned and acute economist, and generally a fair representative of the section of the advanced Liberal party to which he belongs. Not always accurate, and occasionally wanting in justice and in generosity, he makes laborious and sometimes successful attempts to be candid to all opponents except periodical writers, whom, like Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, he regards with scarcely concealed aversion. By the most advanced body of modern reformers Mr. Rogers is perhaps regarded as timid and reactionary. A thorough-going democrat, and a theoretical Republican, he never tampers with Socialism, nor countenances the substitution of State control for personal freedom and independence. A less unusual merit consists in his indisposition to violent or revolutionary methods of change. It must be admitted that English promoters of innovation but rarely advocate an imitation of the Reign of Terror. There is indeed no obvious reason why an omnipotent numerical majority should prefer any irregular mode of obtaining its objects to the exercise of absolute legislative power. Mr. Rogers notices as an amiable and exceptional error of judgment the belief which Mr. Cobden at one time entertained, that he could convert to his economic views the class which possessed political power under the first Reform Bill. Mr. Bright, on the other hand, held that the first step to sweeping measures must be an extension of the elective franchise downwards. More elaborate organization will perhaps enable the voters under household suffrage to return a majority of the House of Commons; and they will perhaps shortly be strengthened by the practical disfranchisement of landowners and farmers in the counties. The Conservatives are disposed, as in 1867, to sell the pass which it is their business to defend; and the Liberal leaders will have no difficulty in overruling the conscientious repugnance of their moderate adherents. The suppression of small boroughs in the consequent rearrangement of electoral districts will complete the triumph which politicians holding the opinions of Mr. Thorold Rogers anticipate with well-founded confidence. In the prospect of uncontrolled democratic supremacy it sometimes seems but a waste of labour to dispute with the future masters of many legions of votes. If Mr. Rogers's opinions on land tenure and taxation were incapable of being supported by plausible argument, they would not be the less command the assent of a House of Commons elected by universal suffrage.

Perhaps it may be allowed, as an intellectual exercise, to question one or two of the assertions which, until they are affirmed by the logic of an irresistible majority, seem to border on paradoxes. Mr. Rogers states with unqualified confidence that "two influences alone cause war—namely, the ambition of princes and the interests of a privileged class." "It is," he believes, "a rule to which no exception occurs, that when perfect political equality is established in any community, and the whole machinery of government is brought under the control of the popular will and public opinion, war becomes an anachronism and an impossibility." "That a free nation should attempt to bring another nation into subjection, or attack it in order to vindicate its honour, is an absurdity." Yet Mr. Rogers is undoubtedly well acquainted with the history of the Greek Republics, and of the mediæval Italian Republics, which were almost incessantly engaged in wars undertaken for the purpose of bringing their neighbours into subjection. The responsibility of the war of 1793 is of course thrown upon monarchial and aristocratic England; but it ought to be as impossible for a free Republic to continue a war as to begin it; and the insolent rejection of Pitt's overtures for peace, when he was at last bent on terminating the struggle, was the work of orthodox Republicans. The Northern Americans successfully brought to a termination one of the greatest wars of modern times, although political equality had long prevailed among them. It is of course easy to maintain that they were justified in maintaining the national unity, or in suppressing slavery; but Mr. Rogers had stated, not that Republics conduct just wars, but that they are incapable of making war at all. The same nation conquered and annexed a large portion of Mexico on the shallowest pretences; and for several generations the readiest mode of obtaining American popularity has been to threaten war against England. The quarrel with Spain or Cuba will happily not at present result in an armed conflict; but the President and the American people would be surprised to hear that their country could by no possibility engage in war either for the purpose of vindicating its honour, or, in certain contingencies, of reducing Cuba to subjection. It is perhaps useless to contradict for the fiftieth time the unwarranted and invidious statement that the privileged classes of England were eager to intervene in the American Civil War. If the privileged classes were fairly represented in the House of Commons and the House of Lords, they entertained a nearly unanimous resolution not to interfere, although their sympathies may have, perhaps inclined to the

weaker party, in consequence, to a great extent, of the unparalleled vituperation of England by American speakers and journalists. In Mr. Rogers's opinion it was "a scandalous euphemism" to call the *Alabama* and her consorts privateers; but, for the purpose of another argument, he attributes the existence of the Southern privateers to the failure of the negotiations between England and the United States for the abolition of privateering. The designation of the Confederate cruisers as privateers is not a scandalous euphemism, but a blameable mistake of the facts of the case. The *Alabama* sailed, not under letters of marque, but in virtue of a Government commission; and throughout the long and angry controversy on the subject, though the Americans foolishly and passionately called her a pirate, she was never described as a privateer. The earlier negotiation would have been futile, if it had succeeded, for any Government may at its pleasure convert a vessel which might otherwise have been a privateer into a regular man of war. The prejudice which Mr. Rogers, like Mr. Cobden, feels against his own country, or rather against its Government, leads him into a serious misstatement of an earlier dispute between England and the United States. "The attempted enlistment of troops in the United States during the Russian war" was, he says, together with the collection at the same time of a Polish legion, the last instance of the old practice of enlisting foreign mercenaries. The Polish legion would seem to be a purely imaginative creation of Mr. Rogers's fancy; and it is at least certain that no attempt was made to enlist foreign mercenaries in the United States. The invitation issued by the Governor General of Canada, and sanctioned by the English Minister at Washington, was carefully limited to English subjects, although by inadvertence the temporary sovereignty of the American Government over Englishmen resident in its dominions was technically infringed. A friendly Government would have requested the withdrawal of the proclamation; and its demand would have been immediately conceded. The American Government thought proper to dismiss the English Minister; and Mr. Caleb Cushing, afterwards known at Geneva, and then Attorney-General of the United States, expressed a hope that the affront which had been offered to England would rebound against the throne of the Queen. A free and equal Republic, though incapable of making war, reserves to itself the privilege of insult.

One of the numerous objects of Mr. Rogers's indignation is the present Income-tax, or rather Schedule D. That grievance also will disappear when the owners of property cease to exercise an appreciable influence in the House of Commons. It cannot be said that Mr. Rogers makes any valuable contribution to a controversy in which he is apparently incapable of appreciating the arguments on the side which he disapproves. He seems to waver between the plea of exemption founded on the precarious duration of industrial incomes, and the claim of a meritorious origin. Although he quotes and attributes to Mr. Mill the conclusive and often-repeated answer that the tax lasts no longer than the income, he neither admits the force of the argument nor attempts to confute it. So consistent an adversary of legislative and administrative interference with private affairs might be expected to dispute the right of a Parliament or a Finance Minister to alter the relative wealth of persons or of classes. When there is no Income-tax, traders and proprietors enjoy certain incomes representing in one case a perpetuity, in the other a varying expectation of enjoyment. The Income-tax falls for ever on the fee-simple, and on the less secure income as long as it lasts. The most remarkable instance of Mr. Cobden's liability to bias, even in the economical investigations in which he excelled, was his failure to understand that theory of the Income-tax which has approved itself to the judgment of the great majority of impartial economists. Mr. Rogers ought to have suspected the soundness of doctrines which he shares with the great majority of those newspaper writers whom he so cordially detests.

In matters of opinion or deductions from experience it is difficult to test the soundness of a general proposition. According to Mr. Thorold Rogers, "the small purchaser in a wealthy and progressive country can always, and always will, outbid the large buyer, if facilities are given for easy purchase." Mr. Rogers is fully justified in complaining of the heavy expense of conveyances, which deters not only small purchasers, but purchasers of small lots of land, who may perhaps belong to a very different class. If Mr. Rogers is right in his belief, the general impression is unfounded. It is a common matter of complaint that large landowners are incessantly buying up small freeholds; although the cost of transfer can scarcely prevent a refusal to sell. Small purchasers and large get, at the most, from three to four per cent. on their outlay, and rich men can afford to make or to retain an unprofitable investment better than poor men. It is demonstrable that the investment of a given capital in the cultivation of rented land is more profitable than a division of the same sum into purchase-money and the cost of farming. It can scarcely be supposed that a skilled economist confounds the gross produce of small freeholds with the profits of the freeholder; but the doctrine which Mr. Rogers maintains requires explanation, if not correction. No objection can be raised to his more general doctrine that the law ought to encourage the utmost freedom of disposition of land, so that it should be held in small or large portions as economical experience and convenience may decide. It is at least possible that the result of the experiment would be a still greater accumulation of land in the hands of a few proprietors. Mr. Rogers is entirely opposed to all Socialist projects for making the State the universal landlord; but no other device for vexing and harassing landowners fails to receive his approval. He

* *Cobden and Modern Political Opinion: Essays on certain Political Topics.* By James E. Thorold Rogers. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

would afflict them with special taxes; he would give farmers permanence or perpetuity of tenure; he would prohibit the preservation of game; and ultimately perhaps he would torment them into making way for small proprietors, who would be less easy to tax or to persecute with agitation. A curious instance of the controversial impetuosity which sometimes diminishes the authority of philosophical writers is furnished by a wonderful confusion of the Tichborne litigation with a question of disputed title. "What can be said for the law of titles in a country where such a case as that of Tichborne is rendered possible?" The most obvious thing to say is that there has never been a dispute about Roger Tichborne's title if he were alive, or about the right of another owner if he were dead. A man claims an estate which would be undoubtedly his if his identity with a certain person were admitted. Exactly the same question might arise on a claim to a horse, to a picture, or to a diamond necklace. At the trial in the Common Pleas the title was never in dispute, and the verdict was a declaration by the jury that the plaintiff had not satisfied them that he was the person who, if alive, would be the acknowledged owner. The issue in the Queen's Bench is of a different character, and has nothing to do with land or with titles to land.

The plan of the book is well conceived, and it will be attractive to Mr. Cobden's numerous admirers. Mr. Thorold Rogers, though he is fully capable of forming independent judgments, concurred on all important points of politics and of economy with Mr. Cobden, who was connected with him by family ties as well as by friendship. A series of chapters on all the chief articles of the modern Liberal creed are severally devoted to a text consisting of a statement of Mr. Cobden's opinions, and to a sympathetic commentary by his friend and disciple. In a former publication Mr. Rogers claimed infallibility for his hero, but he is now more prudently contented with proving that Mr. Cobden was in each particular instance in the right. Perhaps he would have made one exception if he had known or remembered one of the oddest episodes in Mr. Cobden's political career. Mr. Rogers denounces with becoming indignation the existence in some places of faggot votes, and especially of some faggot votes which are, or were, according to his statement, held by certain Conservative Fellows of Colleges at Oxford. He is perhaps not aware that immediately after the repeal of the Corn Laws Mr. Cobden concentrated for a time all his energies on a scheme for creating on a gigantic scale faggot county votes, to be held by artisans and other residents in the large towns. He occasionally declared that he had never promoted a plan from which he hoped so much. The defunct League was virtually, though informally, reconstructed for the purposes of the movement; and a considerable number of tenements in Lancashire were purchased in small shares by a sham constituency. The attempt was so far successful that at one or two elections the ex-League nominated the county members; and at last the Chairman publicly announced a compact by which Manchester and Liverpool were henceforth to divide the county representation between themselves. It was the resentment provoked by the insolence of the League and by the marvellous project of Mr. Cobden that converted Lancashire into a Conservative district. No better illustration could be given of the justice of Mr. Rogers's attack on the corrupt usurpation of the franchise by means of faggot votes. On a more disputed question Mr. Rogers differs to a certain extent from his friend and leader. Mr. Cobden never desired the establishment of universal suffrage, which Mr. Rogers recommends by an argument which is forcible, if only it is founded on a true assumption. "Power in the hands of the many has never, and can never, be tyrannously exercised, while power in the hands of the few will always be, and has always been, exercised tyrannously over the many." The opposite proposition, though it would not be true, would approximate more nearly to the truth. The few are always held in check by a dread of the material force of the many, but the dominant majority has nothing to fear. Representative government, wherever it exists beyond the limits of the United Kingdom, is a copy of the institutions of England; yet no country has yet succeeded in reproducing the competence, or in conferring on its Legislature the supremacy, of that Imperial Parliament which has hitherto been returned by a limited constituency. The vestry meetings of the Colonies, the subservient Parliaments of France and Spain, and the Lower Houses of the Federal and State Legislatures in the United States, are one and all incomparably inferior in ability, in honesty, and in integrity to the House of Commons. In America, under the most favourable conditions, universal suffrage has placed power in the hands of professional politicians who are disliked and despised by the intelligent and respectable part of the community. The State Legislatures are almost universally guilty of pecuniary corruption, and the House of Representatives, which is not free from the taint, seldom contains a member who could even pretend to be a statesman. Mr. Stevens and Mr. Butler, who have been the most prominent leaders of the House during the last ten years, may be fairly compared in character and capacity to Orator Hunt and Feargus O'Connor.

Criticisms of a dogmatic, pugnacious, and even intolerant writer are, especially when they are necessarily compressed into a small space, unavoidably one-sided. It would be absurd to dispute the value and the soundness of many parts of Mr. Rogers's book, although it seems more immediately useful to show cause against that thorough revolution which he invokes with approving confidence. The partial spoliation of landowners, which might perhaps assume a more sweeping form in the hands of some of Mr.

Rogers's allies, the destruction of the Established Church, the increase of relative taxation on property, the abandonment of India, and the substitution of an undefined federal system for the Colonial Empire, are points which can scarcely be accepted in a mass on the authority of Mr. Cobden. These and many other changes are implicitly contained in the representative revolution which even Mr. Cobden hesitated to approve. If Mr. Rogers and his friends succeed, as they perhaps may, in shifting the centre of gravity of political power, they may save themselves the trouble of proving the other points of their case. While liberty, and the variety which is its indispensable condition, still exist, it may be worth while, at the risk of being exposed to contemptuous vituperation, to argue against the justice and expediency of general subversion. Universal suffrage and equal electoral districts will render further controversy as unprofitable as the continuance of the combat in *Paradise Lost* after its issue had been determined by an external will. A prudent defender of existing society may perhaps then pay the supreme multitude the compliment of pretending to be convinced, when he is simply overpowered. As long as Canidia confined herself to boasts of her supernatural attributes, Horace thought her a disreputable old impostor; but when he felt her irresistible power, he affected to defer to her knowledge of the black art:—

Jam jam efficax do manus scientie
Supplex.

Democratic arguments will in like manner defy refutation when the managers of the Trade Unions lead a congenial House of Commons. In that happy future it is doubtful whether Mr. Rogers, though his present opponents may be silenced, will exercise as much influence as at present. As a philosopher he finds an audience even among those who reject his conclusions; but it may be doubted whether he possesses either the qualities or the defects of a successful demagogue.

PROCTOR'S BORDERLAND OF SCIENCE.*

THE friends and the foes of Mr. Proctor will alike allow that he is a man of unwearied industry. The productions of his pen in the last few years must amount to many volumes, and there seems to be no danger of the supply ceasing, since the present season has seen two, if not three, works by him. Whether to be the most prolific of our writers on scientific subjects is a distinction to be coveted or not, the credit of being so must be given to Mr. Proctor. We suspect that few authors would desire to possess such a reputation; but that he feels proud of it can admit of no doubt. In the prefatory remarks to the present work (which consists entirely of articles that have appeared in magazines) he takes great pains to impress on the mind of the reader how vast a number of such articles he has written. He is grieved that the notices of the two series of his "Light Science for Leisure Hours" have given rise to the idea that he has republished therein all the articles that he had up to that date contributed to serials; and he assures us that three-fourths of his essays in serials "have not been published in a collected form, and will not be." Having thus asserted his right to be acknowledged as the author of a gigantic amount of soon-to-be-forgotten literature, he seems to become aware that his words are not calculated to give a very favourable impression of the value of the productions themselves; and he hastens, therefore, to tell us, with very questionable taste, that we need feel no doubt of the superior quality of those contained in the present volume, inasmuch as they are all reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine*, and "Essays on Popular Science intended for the *Cornhill Magazine* are subjected to so careful an editorial process of 'selection and rejection' as can lead only to the 'survival of the fittest,' so that such essays as appear in that magazine may be regarded as the selected works of the author to whom they are due." These words can only mean that the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* is in the habit of reading through the vast crowd of Mr. Proctor's essays in order to "select and reject," until only the fittest "survive" (publication in other journals seems not to be considered as a "survival"). The picture thus afforded of the industry and patience of the editor of that excellent serial is highly flattering to him, though it may not please equally the editors of such other publications as have been honoured with the presence of some of Mr. Proctor's essays. However this may be, the public cannot help feeling thankful that they are in the hands of the editor of the *Cornhill* rather than in those of Mr. Proctor; for though we may not feel enthusiastic about the results of "the survival of the fittest," we should be unwilling to exchange that principle for one of selection by parental affection. It is doubtless to this that we owe the pleasure of having a book on Popular Science from the hands of Mr. Proctor which is not devoted to the glorification of that grand discovery which he claims to have made, and which—to judge by the prominence which on all possible occasions he insists on giving to it—he esteems one of the most important discoveries of the century. But in this respect the public are respite only. He warns us that he is about to publish a book on *The Universe and the Coming Transits*. There we shall find the due honour paid to his brilliant discovery that there is no Pope in science, and that even an Astronomer Royal is fallible. To say that if astronomical infallibility be sought we must not go for it to the Astronomer Royal would perhaps be a more accurate statement of his views. We do not think that he

* *The Borderland of Science*. By Richard A. Proctor, B.A. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1873.

disbelieves in the existence of astronomical infallibility, but search must be made for it in the proper quarter.

It would be a serious mistake, however, to refuse to recognize the value of the work done by Mr. Proctor and his coadjutors in scientific essaying. It is of no small importance both to science and to general culture that there should be men of excellent scientific training ever on the look-out to announce to the public at large, in language intelligible to them, each new discovery of interest that is not too recondite in its nature to admit of the process. Such men act as the Special Correspondents of the army of scientific workers, and possess their share of the faults and the virtues of their profession. They do not always select the most important operations for the subject of their newsletters; the first requisite in their eyes is that the intelligence should admit of a piquant treatment. With a general preference for what is true, they have a genuine horror of what is dull. On the whole, however, they keep us fairly *au courant* with the events of the struggle, and of this we must not be unmindful. Among these popular scientific writers we should assign to Mr. Proctor a very high place. Few scientific favourites deserve their reputation so well. He possesses the advantage, so rare among such persons, of being himself a mathematician of no mean ability, and that implies a severe training in such parts of science as admit of a rigidly accurate treatment. Couple the indirect effect of such a training with the direct advantage of being able to take your science direct from the fountain-head, of needing no interpreters between you and the original discoverers, and it is not hard to see how such a man as Mr. Proctor can be a trustworthy guide in the most slippery places in the half-explored regions that form the borderland of science. Nowhere is this more obvious than in such parts of the present work as treat of astronomy. The author has to consider the causes of those wondrous cosmical phenomena the discovery of which will probably be considered in future ages as the greatest scientific achievement of the time in which we live. Each theory purporting to account for these phenomena is in turn subjected to the searching test of numerical verification; and though the process is too often fatal to the brilliant guesses that owed their origin too exclusively to scientific imagination, we are occasionally startled by seeing some specially wild and improbable theory changed thereby into something approaching to a demonstrated fact. Who does not remember the theory that meteors are stones shot out from volcanoes in the sun or stars? Years ago it was a favourite doctrine in semi-theological books on astronomy, and passed therefrom into being an accepted subject of merriment in scientific discussions. Yet not only is the truth of this apparently wild theory demonstrated in the present work, but a very important part in cosmical development is assigned to it. Indeed we think that Mr. Proctor allows himself to be carried a little too far by his enthusiasm for his favourite theory. He asks too much of it. We are willing to believe that suns and stars pelt one another with meteor-streams, and even that our bulkier brother-planets ape the ways of their superiors; but we shrink from endorsing the proposition that the "bulge" of the moon towards our earth (which renders its earthward side one great hill some seventy miles in height) is nought but a vast heap of stones which our earth threw at its neighbour in its early days. It is crediting this respectable earth of ours with too much youthful vivacity to assume that it flung away ninety-nine hundredths of its mass in such outbursts. This is, however, what the theory requires, even after a large allowance is made for the moon's attraction, unless we adopt the yet more wondrous theory of "design" on the part of our earth, and suppose that it was intelligent and malicious enough to take deliberate aim at its unfortunate companion, instead of distributing its favours impartially in all directions. Does the tendency of sunspots to cluster on those parts of the sun which are immediately opposite to Venus and Mercury point to the possible existence of some such preference?

When Mr. Proctor possesses such special capabilities for being an invaluable scientific teacher to the educated public, what evil genius is it that induces him to write such foolish and mischievous articles as those on a Voyage to the Sun and a Voyage to the Ringed Planet which appear early in the volume? They are worse than valueless—they would be pernicious if they were not unpleasant; and his reputation will suffer seriously if he makes more attempts in the same style. The public desire men in whose judgment it can fully trust to report to it on scientific discoveries. How else can it distinguish between the true and the false? Accounts of the sea-serpent and of the deep-sea soundings of Thompson and Carpenter appear in the same type in the *Times*, and are copied with equal avidity by the country papers. It does not wish to be credulous, and it appreciates the true scientific spirit sufficiently to be yet more ashamed of hiding its want of knowledge under a sneering incredulity. It turns, therefore, in such cases to its favourite teachers to know how it must receive these various announcements. Hence, in order to be such a teacher, you must convince the world at large that you are not one who will let prejudice prevent you from granting a fair hearing, and that you will not on the other hand announce as proven what is still merely conjectural. Above all they must feel that all the statements in your writings may be relied on as giving the truth so far as it is known. Why then does a man in a fair way to earn for himself this honourable position waste his energies in writing fanciful accounts of journeys through Space, wherein he mixes up fact and fiction so indistinguishably that, after an intermediate state of bewilderment, the reader passes on to more rational chapters, to save his conceptions of the true state of physical astronomy from becoming hopelessly confused. It is not that we object to the introduction of fiction,

if it be dressed in a sufficiently fanciful guise to enable us to recognize it. Mr. Proctor may people a satellite of Saturn with beings possessing a Heat-eye, if he will. No one can fail to perceive that we can at present know nothing of such subjects, and the statement can do no harm. But if he speaks of such a satellite as itself attended by five sub-satellites (a theory the truth of which is not only possible, but not unascertainable), the reader who takes up Mr. Proctor's book for profit as well as amusement is left in doubt whether this is a triumph of our telescopic or a mere fib. If we wish such entertainments, we go to the picturesqueness of Hawthorne or the brilliant mendacity of Edgar A. Poe. Mr. Proctor possesses neither, and such essays of his are scientifically more injurious than the *Arabian Nights*, and not one-thousandth part as entertaining.

It would not, however, be just to insist solely on the faults of a really valuable and interesting book. The great majority of the essays are well worthy of Mr. Proctor's reputation. No one contrives to make difficult and complicate ideas clearer than he, and no one surpasses him in his power of marshalling facts so that, without the reader feeling in the slightest degree bored, a complete account of the subject is given. And there is no one who, in writing on the impressive facts about the vastness of our universe, holds so just a course between the dry astronomical tone that seems to delight in reducing stellar dimensions to millions and billions of miles, to show that it is utterly unmoved by such matters, and feels neither surprise nor wonder thereat, and the still more offensive style which is ever striving to excite a blank and stupid wonder in its auditory, and which "uses infinity as a peg for a declamation." Mr. Proctor has a genuine love for astronomy, and the dignity of his treatment is a natural consequence. On mundane subjects he is almost as good. Those to whom the prophecies of science seem full of gloom will perhaps cheer up a little at the perusal of his well-directed argument in support of the theory that our coal is destined to last far longer than Mr. Jevons would have us believe. It is pleasant too to know that we may reasonably hope to make some progress in flying. But it would be useless to attempt to give an idea of all the topics touched on in a book which has one chapter on earthquakes and another on gambling. Occasionally the author may be caught tripping, as when (in page 331) he cites the kite as an instance of the supporting power of the air on a horizontal plane moving in a horizontal direction. But, as a rule, he may be safely trusted in both his facts and his deductions, and if he does not get into the habit of writing too hurriedly, or of stooping to unworthy tricks in style, or of suffering personal considerations to influence him too strongly in his choice of subjects, his reputation as a scientific writer will soon be second to that of no other popular expositor.

UP HILL.*

EVER since the creation of Becky Sharpe, the character of the pretty adventuress, partly good and partly bad, has been a favourite with those of our lady-novelists who have a liking for a shabby outline filled in with correct details. In *Up Hill* Lady Wood has manufactured another of the numerous representations of this rather hardly exercised type; but Miss Phoebe Philtre is such a composite kind of person, she has such excellent qualities, and her actions are founded on such a fine sense of dignity and duty as the story advances, while in the beginning threatening us with such an avalanche of faults, that we scarcely know where to place her. She begins with looking like a sinner, but she goes on and ends as a saint; and these moral marvels, compounds of demon and angel, are difficult to deal with. We cannot quite understand the angelhood. Just as it seems odd for flowers to bloom where there are no roots, so does it seem unlikely for noble actions to be performed where the elemental principles were decidedly ignoble, and where no sudden "conversion" is introduced as the spiritual solvent by which the rough is made smooth and the hard soft.

Miss Phoebe Philtre is presented to us in the opening chapters as about the most purely calculating heroine we have ever met with. From first to last no grace of self-forgetfulness, no girlish spontaneity of thought or feeling, breaks through the cold deliberation with which she weighs and measures and balances her chances. But with all this the end is not as the beginning, and in defiance of precedent the clay image has golden feet. We are introduced to her as an all but penniless girl, the daughter of an apothecary who has just died. She is very beautiful, with a good complexion, soft brown hair in long curls on her shoulders, light hazel eyes "in form and position higher towards the ears than at the nose," while "the mouth ran up in the same line." "She would be a beautiful woman," said a gentleman, "if she did not so nervously resemble the fox in expression"; "and his hearers laughed, for the resemblance was striking when once the idea had been started." She has moreover a lovely figure, and she knows that she is beautiful; but she has never been in love, and only considers her "personal charms as a commodity which might or might not be serviceable to her in her fight with the world." When she is offered the situation of daily governess to Miss Arria, the only daughter of the wealthy widower Mr. Brabazon, and goes to the house for inspection, she reflects that these personal charms will be unserviceable in this case, impediments, not weapons of conquest; she therefore puts on a thick crape veil, and makes her figure "clumsy";—

She laughed grimly as she thought of the falling shoulders, delicate waist, and full bosom; and how easily she might, by a worsted shawl under her

* *Up Hill*. A Novel. By Lady Wood, Author of "Sabina." &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1872.

cloak, give herself shoulders which seemed to whisper to her ears; and one bladebone projecting beyond the other. This spoliation of her figure grieved her more than the disfigurement of her face.

She does more. She makes herself stupid; "a woman too clever by half might be objected to by the merchant; for, given youth and talent even weighted by homely features and clumsy form, and a widower is a lost creature if his clever governess determines to marry him." Such as she appears then she is engaged by Mr. Brabazon, who says to himself, "No fear of my falling in love with such a Hottentot!" and she enters on the onerous task of reducing Miss Arria, who is a savage, to the discipline and decency of ordinary life. This is not the first time that Miss Philtre has been engaged in the like work, having been what is called pupil-teacher in a Brighton school, where she had endured the slights and vexations lavished on her by the wealthy young ladies with unflinching sweetness; but where, "with the small children, she had the strength and venom of a serpent. She coiled herself round their lives. They dared not complain, for no one would have believed any accusation against one so gentle." She glared them into silence when "turning half delirious on their pillows, and shouting their wild fancies from one end to the other of the dormitory," as soon as she fixed her eyes on them; and now, when she leaves the house of the wealthy widower, she grinds her teeth with rage against both father and daughter, and says, "All in good time, miss!" Why she should grind her teeth with rage against Mr. Brabazon does not appear; for he has done all he ought to do—treated her with civility, and acceded to her terms; the child's offence is more intelligible, as "the lump of crape and bombazine" frightens her, and she screams, and will not go near her new teacher. This is a beginning surely suggestive of any amount of polite Brownriggism. But what do we find? A charming story-teller, who fascinates and tames her little savage by the most exquisite tact, the most fertile invention, the most unwearied patience, mingled with that quiet kind of unalterable firmness which all children like, and which the most ferocious respect. There is not a trace of the Brownrigg to be found—not a single strand laid of any after-web of manoeuvring or deceit. When, after a while, she is taken into the house at an increased salary, she gets her footing there solely by the perfectness with which she has performed her duties; and though she does tell Mr. Brabazon a cock-and-bull story of her ancestry, and does make herself lovely in his sight, it is with no base motive after all. In short, Lady Wood has only seemed to play with a doubtful puppet when she made Phoebe Philtre like a fox; she would have made the outer and the inner more harmonious had she pictured her like a lamb.

Another event occurs to Phoebe of which the traditional adventures would have made capital, but which she heroically declines to utilize. A handsome young man is run over before the door of the shop which was once her father's, and is now Mr. Reach's. Mr. Reach is not at home, and Phoebe, who is an excellent bone-setter as well as physician, sets the fractured arm with the skill of the most practised house-surgeon of a hospital, and takes her patient to his home, the address of which she has discovered by means of a tiny card-case which she abstracted from the young man's pocket and transferred to her own. Her patient is the Earl of Arden, and we have a rapturous description of the library of the young lord, "so luxurious in its furniture, so refined in its revelations," the following special bit of decoration standing out in high relief:—"On the mantelpiece, carefully guarded from London smuts by a glass, a beautiful figure in Parian marble, representing Pleasure, was crowning with flowers old Time, who carried the dial of the horologe." Would it not seem to be only natural that Phoebe should make use of this chance? She is almost starving, for her salary from Mr. Brabazon is not due, and she has not her meals with her pupil; but she takes as her sole fee the card-case she has stolen, and a fine cambric handkerchief which somehow has slipped into her pocket. Also, she claims no acquaintance with her desirable young patient when they meet in the park; and, as time wears on and the story develops, behaves in the grandest manner possible all through.

The Earl is of course desperately smitten with her. They meet again at Brighton, where she is installed as Arria's resident governess. He pays her marked attention, and she repulses him with dignity. It is not that he is spoiling her market, fouling her game, but that she respects herself, and prefers, when the time comes, death and starvation to his offer to become his mistress with so much settled on her for life. We remember a similar position in a novel called *Which Shall it Be?* where the heroine argues out a like position with calmness and shrewdness, without the faintest approach to indelicacy, but in just the spirit in which a girl cast on the world with only her own youth and beauty as her friends would argue such a point. But Lady Wood makes her foxy-faced heroine far too high-minded to balance or debate. She sees only the shame, none of the advantages of such a position; and no saint in white muslin could come out of the ordeal with more unsullied purity than Phoebe Philtre displays. Again, when she has engaged herself to marry Mr. Brabazon, whom she does not love, and is asked in honourable marriage (this time) by Lord Arden whom she does love, she loyally refuses the coronet and the handsome young man, and keeps faithful to the merchant with his heart-disease and not enchanting maturity. All this is delightful—just as it should be; we do not want it different; but why then fly a dove and call it a kestrel? Why start a harmless household kitten and call it a tigress? Was Lady Wood afraid of her own first idea? But fear of the world's

opinion has never ranked as one of her characteristics; and even in this curiously patchwork book we have bits of clever incisive coarseness which prove that she has not been more dainty in her method of execution than she evidently was in her first sketch, through fear of outside judgment or because of anything like true perception of the higher life she makes a feint to portray. We fancy she found that Phoebe Philtre, carried out logically as she was begun, was more than she could well manage; and that, after all, propriety and swimming with the stream of old-fashioned notions is easier to work than the contrary.

The whole episode of Lady Brune and Alice her daughter, the made-up "picked turkey" whom Arria exposes with such dire results; the "superior" mother and daughter hunting men for marriage; and that of the inferior Mrs. Semple and Jessie, now fastening their claws in the cassock and band of the Reverend Augustus Toplady, now making frantic endeavours to clutch at the Earl of Arden, are both equally vulgar, offensive, and improbable. With these latter ladies, indeed, we have again the feeling that Lady Wood had an idea in the beginning of the work which she lost or set aside as she went on; for the mischief which Mrs. Semple tries to make between Phoebe and her husband is very feebly done, and comes to nought as a matter of workmanship, and her advocacy of the quack medicine has also no result. That final fight with the burglar, whom Phoebe shoots with the same masterly precision as she does everything else, comes in a little inharmoniously. It is too violent for the quieter colouring of the rest of the book, and discomposes the whole scale. Mr. Brabazon, with his heart-disease—which Phoebe diagnosed so skilfully the first time she saw him asleep—and his subsequent paralysis, might have been got rid of much more quickly; and the ghastly picture of the dead man, with the blood slowly oozing out on the floor of the library, is a revolting absurdity. We do not like the school to which Lady Wood, with so many others, belongs. It is vulgar, rude, fond of tampering with the unclean thing, superficial in its tenderness, and simply shocking when it affects, as it sometimes does, piety and a deep religious sentiment. We recognize such cleverness as its adherents possess; but cleverness alone cannot redeem faults so grave and tendencies so distasteful as those by which the whole body is penetrated.

RANKEN'S DOMINION OF AUSTRALIA.*

FEW middle-class families in England have not had one of their members or intimate friends, or one of some other household within their private acquaintance, gone to live in the Southern colonies of this country. Yet the literary provision for their natural curiosity about the real condition of those distant territories and communities has not until lately been of a satisfying kind. Books professing to describe Australia, before the recent work of Mr. Anthony Trollope, were too often limited to a mere account of the experiences of some individual settler who had tried to make his fortune or a home for himself in a particular district. The statements of these authors, referring to local and temporary conditions, could not afford that sound general knowledge of the subject without which its different parts and aspects were liable to be misunderstood. British Australia, using the term to denote such portions of the continent as have actually become the habitation of English people, exhibits a great diversity of circumstances, both in its wide geographical extent and in its rapid historical progress. It contains five provinces differently situated, each as large as one of the kingdoms of Europe, and each comprising districts where the favours of nature are variously dispensed, or in some cases apparently denied. Their industrial settlements are of different periods, and were formed under very dissimilar circumstances, though nearly all have been created during the last fifty years. The development of new material and social interests, almost every ten years, in the more advanced colonies, has further complicated the whole subject of the state of the Australian world. A compact body of well-digested information concerning it was therefore much wanted by an increasing number of readers here, but no returned emigrant or traveller was likely to supply this need. Mr. Trollope's entertaining mixture of personal narrative, of anecdote and adventure as a tourist, with statistical notes of matters belonging to the several provinces, is rather discursive than comprehensive. A more direct effort at instruction is made by the volume we have now to examine, in which Mr. Ranken presents a concise and summary description of the chief physical causes and the industrial development of the different sources of wealth in Australia, and of their results in its probable social and political future. His book is a very suitable companion to that on the *Canadian Dominion*, by Mr. Charles Marshall, which was published two or three years ago, and Mr. Ranken concludes by suggesting a possible confederation in Australia, like that of the British American provinces. This, indeed, is a suggestion which has lately found favour both with some colonial and some Imperial statesmen.

Before entering upon his review of the pastoral, agricultural, mineral, and commercial industries of Australia, the author, treating all these matters in the strict order of their practical connexion, gives a striking account of the physical geography and climate. It is only of the continent that he speaks, not extending his remarks either to Tasmania, which may be regarded as an appendage to Australia, or to New Zealand, which is extremely

* *The Dominion of Australia; an Account of its Foundations.* By W. H. L. Ranken. London: Chapman & Hall.

unlike it and sufficiently remote from it. The ingredients of Australian prosperity, beginning of course with the flocks and herds that may be fed, and the crops that may be grown on the land, must depend very much upon the degree of heat and of moisture in the atmosphere, and upon the amount and regularity of the seasonable rainfall. These conditions depend, as Mr. Ranken shows very forcibly, more upon the configuration of the surface of the country, and the distribution of its mountains and plains, especially with reference to their exposure to neighbouring oceans, than upon mere position in latitude. The entire continent of Australia is shaped as a vast basin, or slightly concave disc with a raised margin, like the rim of a common dinner-plate, round the greater part of three sides. The interior space is for the most part condemned to perpetual sterility by the coast ranges of highlands shutting out the vapour-laden winds of the sea, and by the want of inequalities of ground level to cause either the long and steady flow of rivers, or the formation of abiding lakes. Without any free play of air currents, and with no constant movement or permanent storage of inland waters, much of this land must ever remain little better than a desert. Only the monsoons blowing on the North-West coast are able to come sometimes five hundred miles inland. In the opposite quarter, again, only the river Murray, and its allied river, the Murrumbidgee, poured from the flanks of the highest Australian Alps, near the South-Eastern corner of the continent, have a considerable length of course and an unfailing stream. The interior is not always windless and waterless; but its most frequent wind is a parching sirocco laden with dust, and its fitful visitation of water is a sudden deluge repeated at uncertain intervals of many months; for two years may pass in some districts with scarcely a drop of rain. In happy contrast to this forbidding view of the void and waste expanse, still partially unexplored, which makes in our maps a doleful blank thinly dotted with lines of laborious travel, we contemplate the hilly and well-watered marginal strips of land fronting the ocean, with their deep river-valleys, their vigorous growth of forest, their cool high tablelands, and the fertile reverse slopes of their mountains parallel to the line of coast. Such are the habitable parts of New South Wales, Victoria, and Queensland; and if South and West Australia do not quite merit the same favourable report, they have yet some tolerable features. North and North-West Australia, when their time comes to be settled, will also be found capable of the sort of cultivation that is suited to a tropical climate.

A distinction is observed by Mr. Ranken between the occupation of these lands and their cultivation. Under the former head are described the operations of the squatter who takes up extensive runs for the grazing of sheep or oxen; and in this connexion, too, we have an account of the breeding of horses. The culture of those useful plants which yield grain and wine, sugar and cotton, in the different latitudes and climates of Australia, forms the second general division of colonial industries. Both these kinds of business, as we have remarked, are limited and locally determined by the unalterable facts of physical geography; and Mr. Ranken's entire review of the resources of Australia is based on this primary consideration. There is no country of the earth, he assures us, so good as the best parts of that continent for producing fine wool; and some parts of it are very good for producing beef as well as mutton, if any process can be perfected for preserving meat in a palatable state for the European market. The merino sheep, increasing since its first importation to the number of seventy millions, and improving upon the original type of its progenitor in Saxony and Spain, is the most perfectly successful result of colonial enterprise in the Southern hemisphere. But the economical and commercial progress of this interest has undergone violent checks and changes, which Mr. Ranken briefly relates; and he shows that its future extension cannot be great in area, but must be effected by a new system of management. After the occupation by squatting sheep-owners of the more accessible districts in New South Wales and Victoria, three successive waves of pastoral settlement, as he expresses it, swept over different portions of the continent. The first, occasioned by the demand for meat to feed the gold-field diggers, covered the great plain fantastically named Riverina, which is traversed by the Murray and Murrumbidgee and Darling rivers, with their tributaries, and which is now fully stocked, with the aid of dams and wells for storing its waters. This experiment was satisfactory to the pioneers of the colonial advance. It led, therefore, to other inland movements of a host of squatters, from Adelaide northward, and from New South Wales westward, or rather North-westward, into the great basin of the interior. The result was most disastrous to the South Australian adventurers, whose flocks mostly perished of drought in three or four years. It was scarcely more fortunate in the back country of Northern Queensland, where the expenses of a sheep-run and station were increased, while the profits were lessened, by the great distance; but in this region it is hoped that the failure of sheep will be compensated by other sources of wealth. A great improvement has lately been made in the system of keeping sheep, which are now fed in extensive paddocks fenced in with light iron wire, and tended by a very much smaller number of men than were required to watch them on the open plain. Their particular breed also is now more scientifically adjusted to the grass and air of the district where they are placed; and the wool is now more nicely washed, and sorted, and packed for the market. It has become worth while, instead of continuing the old practice of squatting at large with myriads or hundreds of thousands of sheep over a

vast territory held on lease as a run, to graze a moderate flock upon freehold land, and even to sow the land with imported grasses. This is the promising future direction of pastoral enterprise in Australia. Similar improvements will perhaps gain their reward in the care of oxen, which thrive very well in the moist warm climate of the North Queensland valleys near the sea-coast. But the commercial problem of bringing their carcasses to market is yet only coming near its solution; and the same may be said of the clever breed of Australian horses, which run wild in stray herds of little or no value, as on the South American Pampas.

Agriculture, the next concern of our Australian fellow-subjects, has, in Mr. Ranken's judgment, been very seriously misdirected by the rage for indiscriminate settlement of small landowning cultivators upon any plots they may happen to fancy at the uniform Government price. Mr. Trollope had told us of the bitter standing quarrel on this subject between the aristocratic squatter, who must see many useful bits thus cut out of his pasture-run, to his great inconvenience, and the intrusive purchaser, of a would-be yeoman class, too often lacking the capital and the intelligence that a farmer should apply to his business. The law granting every purchaser an unrestricted right of selection before the lands have been officially surveyed and pronounced fit for cultivation is denounced by Mr. Ranken as a mischievous contrivance of democratic politicians in Victoria and in New South Wales. He contends, with some plausibility, that it is not less delusive and injurious to the labouring class of colonists than prejudicial to the economic welfare of those provinces. Queensland and South Australia, which have not yet followed the bad example, are said to prosper somewhat better with their lands and their crops; but we may observe that their industry is less distracted by the temptation of gold-fields. South Australia, with a very deficient rainfall, grows wheat to supply the wants of other provinces which cannot raise enough bread for themselves, and it further exports a large surplus of its corn to Europe. Queensland has done a little in cotton, and is in the way to do a great deal in sugar-planting, with the help of imported Polynesian or Asiatic labour. We do not, however, understand Mr. Ranken to mean that this comparison of the different provinces would indicate the operation of their different land laws as the sole cause. But it is worthy of remark that, while Victoria has but one-tenth of her sold lands under cultivation, and New South Wales a twentieth part, with many holdings actually thrown up by their owners in despair, the proportion in South Australia is one-fourth, many of the agriculturists there being Germans, who are very steady settlers. Queensland, too, is wisely bidding for an intelligent middle class of small capitalists, by offering carefully selected estates of moderate size both for agricultural and for pastoral employment. But we are inclined to think that New Zealand and even Tasmania, having a climate more congenial to Englishmen, will be preferred by many of this class to any province of the Australian mainland.

The prospective greatness of New South Wales, and probably also that of Victoria, seems after all to lie chiefly in the mineral riches which they owe to happy geological accidents. Their gold-fields, which some years since attracted a rapid influx of population, have ceased to exhibit a wild scramble of isolated adventurers for the precious grains in alluvial gravel, and have become the seat of costly and scientific operations in mining the quartz-reefs to an immense depth. The yield of Australian gold is not likely to fall short within any period that enters into practical calculations at this day. But New South Wales and Queensland possess, in their border districts called New England, a valuable tin-field, besides which they share with South Australia the gift of plenty of copper. Still more important to these two provinces of the Eastern shore is their abundance of good coal and iron in the most convenient situations for working. The Hunter River coal-field alone, which has its port, significantly named Newcastle, to the north of Sydney, extends over an area of eight or nine thousand square miles; its coal, lying in thick seams at little depth, is of a quality better than any except the best Welsh, and can be sold for delivery on board ship at 9s. the ton. The iron ores of Berrima, eighty miles from Sydney, contain seventy per cent. of metal, which can be wrought into steel like that of Sweden. Here are the ingredients of a high degree of manufacturing and commercial prosperity, as well as the means of constructing and using at a cheap rate the lines of inland traffic which have already crossed the Blue Mountains, and have joined the sea-coast to the Riverina plain. Yet the principal export of the country, in the opinion of our author, will always be wool; and he expects that this will find new markets, particularly in North America, and possibly in China, added to the continued demand for its use in Great Britain. North indeed of the twenty-second parallel of latitude, it is not by wool, but by sugar and other tropical products, that Australian cultivation is to pay its way; and whether it will do so in the long run will depend on the feasibility of a well-regulated constant supply of labour. This, we presume, can only be got from India or from China to an amount sufficient for these vast territories of more or less fertile land. The scattered isles of the Pacific, which have been the scene of kidnapping outrages justly or unjustly laid to the charge of Queensland, are not so easily placed under official supervision, and are scarcely capable of sending hands enough for the present need. China has of late refused to permit the continuance of its coolie emigration to our West Indies. It is, therefore, to the Government of British India that the planters of North Australia will probably look for the provision of systematic facilities to

develop the natural resources of the Southern Continent, where the climate rejects the European labourer. This would seem to open a question worthy of Imperial statesmanship.

TACITUS.*

IT is, we fear, the fact that the powerful and sarcastic annalist to whom we owe the portraits of Tiberius and Nero has few readers in England, except among professional scholars. A few years back, in a by no means sleepy or unintellectual town of five thousand inhabitants, the single copy of Tacitus was found at the schoolmaster's. Perhaps his pregnant and thoughtful style is one which it is too much of a business to unravel; perhaps a more diffuse and perspicuous manner of setting matters before the reader is more congenial to a busy age and nation. At any rate there is much truth in Mr. Donne's remark that, whereas in France and Germany Tacitus is still revered, consulted, and written about, as an historian of his weight and eminence deserves, in this country he suffers from an indifference which was not felt by Bacon or Clarendon, and the sole English treatise worth reading on the History or the Annals is that of Dean Merivale. One object of the series to which Mr. Bodham Donne's volume belongs is to recall English readers to the ancient classics, and in this, as in other cases, it may be hoped that a popular and cursory sketch may be the means of attracting notice to a writer whose merits of conciseness, brevity, and compression of style might not be wholly unwelcome could modern historians be induced to revive them. Tacitus, if one desired to master all his remains, is anything but a life-task; and though the area which he covers is undoubtedly not large if reckoned by years, yet his style and manner, imitated judiciously, might be a good exchange for the prolixity and diffuse chronicling of our contemporary writers.

Into the volume of the "Ancient Classics Series" now before us Mr. Donne has thrown as much light and life as his limits could admit. He has dealt first with the historian's life, so far as it is known to us through internal evidence and contemporary notices, and then with his works, though not in their chronological order. The last chapter save one is devoted to the "Dialogue on the Orators," which, if it was written by Tacitus, as is generally admitted, was certainly the earliest of his works; and the Histories, which were written before the Annals, are discussed after them. To this arrangement, however, the student of Roman history can have no objection, as the course and order of events are thus rendered more consecutive; it is to the student of style and manner that, unless he is let into the secret, the "Dialogue on the Orators" seems an unaccountable departure from the principles of composition which prevail in the Annals. In the former there is an evident imitation of the rounded Ciceronian periods, and a youthful bias towards rhetorical display; though, as if to contradict those who would deny that Tacitus wrote this work, the sarcastic tone and the subtlety of psychological analysis, to say nothing of phrases and constructions savouring of identity of diction, bespeak the same author at an early period of his career. If the surface of the dialogue is pseudo-Ciceronian, the spirit that lurks beneath is quite that of Tacitus; and we cannot but think that Mr. Donne's readers will thank him for having drawn attention to a treatise so little read or known in these days, but yet so curious in the insight it gives into the Imperial system of oratorical training, as contrasted with that of the Republic. As in Cicero's kindred treatises, the dialogue in question is carried on by advocates and opponents of the oratory of Tacitus's day, and is concluded by an umpire, Curvius Maternus, in much the same spirit as Palemon's "Et vitula tu dignus et hic," in the Third Eclogue of Virgil. The interlocutors, it should be added, belong to the reign of Vespasian, and Mr. Donne assigns the composition of the dialogue to the fifth year of that Emperor; there is force, however, in the surmise that, as the writer describes himself as "juvenis admodum" at the date of the dialogue, it was not committed to writing until he was older.

The Life of Agricola is a work always of interest to Englishmen, because of Agricola's connexion with Britain, and the likelihood that Tacitus had from his father-in-law, who was on the staff of Suetonius Paulinus, and who was afterwards, as pro-consul in Vespasian's reign, identified with the province, the most intimate acquaintance, consistent with hearsay, of the earliest history and geography of our island. As a literary performance the *Agricola* belongs to Tacitus's earlier and less historic style, which indeed would be better adapted to so warm a panegyric; as an indirect contribution to history, it acquaints us with Agricola's organization of the district between the Humber and the Tyne, his line of forts and roads along the East coast as far as the Firth of Forth, his sighting of Hibernia from the Mull of Galloway, his repression of the Caledonians and final rout of Galgacus and his army, and generally with the civilizing influences which Roman arms and institutions introduced into our island. Mr. Donne has found it convenient to throw into the last pages of his chapter upon Agricola, who was, if not the first circumnavigator, at least an explorer and a conqueror, of Britain, the sequel of Roman operations and conquests in this country so far as it is gathered from

other writings of Tacitus. It is a pity, perhaps, that this is necessarily very brief, particularly as regards the campaign of Ostorius Scapula, which we should have assigned to the year 50 A.D., and not to 47 A.D. But this campaign may be advantageously studied in the original, with the full and sufficient annotations of Mr. Frost's edition of the Annals, the title of which we have coupled with that of Mr. Donne's little volume, not so much because we can hope to do justice to so useful a work in a notice like the present, as because we desire to urge him to the completion of his edition of Tacitus, which would be a great help to the scholar's familiarity with that historian. In the passages of the Twelfth Book of the Annals (chapters 31-40) which relate to Caractacus, Mr. Frost will be found to have embodied in his succinct commentary all needful illustration and elucidation, whether of a geographical or of an exegetic character; and in his preface to the Annals he shows himself not only quite at home in the life and writings of his author, but also well qualified to discuss the peculiarities, which are by no means few or far between, of his style and diction. To return, however, to Mr. Donne, we must say in passing that we grudge the half-page which he has devoted to a meteorological parallel between Roman and Victorian Britain *quâ* rain and fogs, seeing that readers might naturally ask for more about Caractacus and Boadicea.

To the consideration of the monograph on the Manners of the Germans, which probably follows the *Agricola* in chronological sequence, Mr. Donne has added interest by discussing the old question as to the existence of a latent satirical element in it. According to this hypothesis, the German wife is a reproach by contrast to the more than "frisky" Roman matron, the virtuous German chief to the profligate and embarrassed patrician in the Imperial capital. This theory is worked out in the course of half-a-dozen lively pages through a series of antitheses, and the gist of it is summed up in the following paragraph, which will represent Mr. Donne's style as well as his argument:—

In these notes on the domestic condition of the Germans it is hardly possible to mistake the purpose of Tacitus. In the hardy lives and warlike activity of the Germans he glances at the extravagance and luxury of the nobles of his time. In their poverty, in consequence of their ignorance and indolence when at peace, in their chastity, politic because of their poverty, he saw an image, though a rude one, of those ages of Rome when consuls drove their own ploughs, or "roasted turnips on a Sabine farm." In many a German hovel might be found a counterpart of a Cato or a Sicius Dentatus, but not one of a Sejanus or a Tigellinus; in many a German swamp or forest dwelt a Cornelia and her young Gracchi, an Agrippina, a chaste and fruitful wife; but neither a Messalina nor a Poppæa.

Although it is going much too far to consider the *Germany* as a prose idyl or a fiction, we are not prepared to dismiss this theory as an empty dream; and although it is true that in some passages the author is as Roman as his contemporaries could wish, it must be owned that the details of the strict marriage code, the female dress and morals, the large and fruitful families of the Germans, claim a larger place and importance in this treatise than the geography, which is given from hearsay, and limited in effect to the first few chapters. The materials for the *Germany* were derived, it is suggested, from the work of the elder Pliny on the German wars, and certainly it is in many respects a curiously readable treatise. Mr. Donne notes among salient points the Teutonic use of white horses for omen and augury. The heed given by the priests and people to the animals' neighing and snorting "has a very Oriental aspect, reminding us of the omen drawn from the neighing of Darius's horse" (*Herod.* iii. 84). He remarks also on the addiction of the Germans, like the gods in Walhalla and the Slavonic wood and water spirits, to gambling and drinking; according to Tacitus, though their weightiest matters were broached and mooted in mid feast, it was a fixed rule that there should always be an appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.

There can, however, be no doubt that the Annals must be considered the masterpiece of Tacitus, in their distinctness from other annals or chronicles, their terse compression of matter and anecdote, as well as narrative, and the byways wherein he leads his readers to beguile the tedium of the main road. As Mr. Donne puts it, "the keystone of the arch is indeed Rome and its Cæsar, but the arch of description itself is wide in its span; the 'Annals' are the roof and crown of the mighty master's genius." During a good half of what remains to us of the Annals the Cæsar was Tiberius, and of this human enigma, this Janus whose one face his citizens regarded with dislike and dread, while the provincials viewed its obverse with goodwill and devotion, Mr. Donne gives a fair and even-handed sketch. To achieve this, indeed, he is obliged at times to shake off the leading-strings of his author, whose prejudices occasionally interfere with his historical accuracy. Herein the annalist may have been biased by the perusal of private memoirs, such as that of Agrippina the younger, whose mother had been sacrificed by Tiberius at the instance of Sejanus, and who regarded the Emperor as a usurper of the rights of the Drusi. Or he may, as Mr. Donne agrees with Dean Merivale, have used too literally the reports of criminal trials and informations which Tiberius would have treasured up, however full of libels on himself, with the exactness of a pedant, to be ransacked and read to his disparagement in times of reaction such as the reign of Trajan. Mr. Frost in his preface admits that Tacitus is apt to use his authorities indiscriminately, as well as to have his favourites, one of whom was certainly not Tiberius. If this Emperor was not all that Velleius and Valerius Maximus painted him in contemporary

* Tacitus. By W. Bodham Donne. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1873.

The Annals of Tacitus, with a Commentary. By the Rev. Percival Frost, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge. London: Whittaker & Co. 1872.

panegyrics, nevertheless the silence of the elder Seneca, the ascription of his worst faults to the influence of Sejanus by the younger, and the representation of his rule as mild and equable by Philo and Josephus, raise a suspicion that Tacitus was more or less led away by a psychological theory which imputed dissimulation to Tiberius even from the interval between the death and funeral of Augustus; whereas the charitable view is that his rule underwent a change when he yielded himself to the influence of Sejanus, and had removed one source of dread and jealousy through the death of Germanicus. Of this death, hastened, perhaps, by the vexatious coadjutor Piso's interference, Mr. Donne remarks that "when a man is laid low by fever, some extra vexation is not unfavourable—to the disease." To turn for a moment to the commentary by Mr. Frost, it may suffice to point to his annotations on the chapter which, at the opening of the Fourth Book of the Annals, narrates the early history of Sejanus, and the growth of his influence on Tiberius. The grammatical notes on the constructions "raptui erit" and "sui obtegens," with the references to apt parallels in the same writer elsewhere, are everything one could wish; and the annotator does not fail, upon "quippe isdem artibus victus est," to show in a few words the superior craft of Tiberius, and the ruinous consequences to the State of the rise as well as fall of Sejanus. Mr. Donne treats this Emperor throughout in a spirit of fairness and candour, as, for instance, where it is shown that he was for a while averse to the introduction of such a social curse as "delation" and its agents, though he was borne along later by the current of the time, and the suspicions sown by his favourite. When we pass to the reign of Claudius, "the reign," as it was nicknamed, "of the freed-men"—which the aristocrat Tacitus writes with a pen dipped in gall, because the order alluded to awoke in him the old spirit which had made Sulla odious and Pompey less popular—Mr. Donne is careful to point out the allowances which we have to make for prejudice, and the claims to future fame as a statesman and a promoter of great public works, which the "idiot" Claudius contrived to establish for himself before he was taken off by Locusta's boletus.

At the Histories, which are unfortunately but a fragment, and which were composed before the Annals, we cannot here even glance, except to note that they approach nearer to the general standard of Roman historians, and that in composing them Tacitus writes more in the character and spirit, and with the authority, of a contemporary. Mr. Donne's summary does full justice to the rapid sequence of stirring events which these Histories describe; and both in them and in the reign of Nero in the Annals, he is careful to draw attention to the episodes which are a special characteristic of Tacitus's historical works. His notice of that one which relates to the Jews and the siege of Jerusalem is particularly good, considering the limits within which he is confined, and so is the story of Vespasian's miracles.

On the whole, we must pronounce Mr. Donne's little book a fair and temperate estimate of an historian whose merits were manifold and pre-eminent, though he was by no means free from party spirit, and failed to exclude from his Annals the untruths of rumour and scandal. Mr. Donne's interpretation of Tacitus's guiding spirit is certainly sound when he regards it as being of kin to that of Dante. Tacitus did all he could to consign Tiberius and Nero to eternal infamy, "though he had not the advantage of the Florentine in a sure and certain faith that there was a region of bale reserved for his political enemies, and accordingly could not exhibit Tiberius in a red-hot tomb like Farinata's, nor imprison Nero in a pool of ice, like the Archbishop Ruggieri."

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

BEAUTIES of English Landscape, drawn by Birket Foster (Routledge). In this handsomely bound volume we have, as the publishers' announcement tells us, "in a collected form specimens of the work of this justly popular artist, which have already appeared in their series of Illustrated Gift-Books." Though the engravings of course are not so sharp as they were when the blocks were fresh, yet these illustrations are on the whole very pleasing. With each picture is given a quotation from some poet, though whether the picture is meant to illustrate the poem, or the poem the picture, is in some cases doubtful. We fancy that it has happened now and then that Mr. Birket Foster has drawn a sketch, and that then some gentleman who is as familiar with the beauties of English poetry as the artist is with the Beauties of English Landscape has been set to find out what passage it is that has been illustrated. He is, we must allow, now and then unfortunate in his search. The picture, for instance, that faces Rogers' poem of "Mine be a cot beside the hill" is correct in everything save that it contains no hill, no bee-hive, no brook, no mill, no swallow, no pilgrim, no ivied porch, and no village church. A great many of the illustrations are of passages in Wordsworth. If Mr. Birket Foster really wished in his pictures to set forth the scenes described by the poet, it is curious that he should not have taken the trouble to go to the Lake district. It is somewhat daring in an artist to give fancy sketches of such well-known spots as the Pillar Rock in Ennerdale and Dungeon Ghyll. He may be forgiven, however, for having drawn on his imagination when he has given us three children sitting on some rocks on a sandy beach, as an illustration of the lines in Wordsworth's greatest ode:—

And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Lake and Mountain Scenery from the Swiss Alps. With twenty-four photographs from original oil-paintings by G. Closs and O. Tervelicher, and forty-eight woodcuts by G. Roux. With text by T. G. Bonney, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge (Bruckmann). Many a man who looks back to a summer holiday spent in the Bernese Oberland as the happiest and most beautiful part of his life will, as he turns over the pages of this handsome volume, find many a memory brought back and many a longing awakened up. He will begin to talk of what he has seen and done, and make plans again for that future in which we are all of us such great travellers. The artist and the photographer have done their part of the work with much taste and skill, while Mr. Bonney's narrative is lively and interesting. The little woodcuts which adorn the beginning and the end of each chapter show a good deal of spirit. Altogether this volume forms a worthy addition to that library of Alpine scenery which every winter, like the snow on the mountain-tops, steadily accumulates, not like it, however, to melt away.

Japan and the Japanese Illustrated, by Aimé Humbert. Translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey, and edited by H. W. Bates, Assistant-Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society (Bentley). "Mr. Humbert obtained his copious materials for this work during a residence of two years in the country in 1863-1864 as Minister Plenipotentiary of the Swiss Republic; availing himself of the privilege of travelling outside the barriers of the foreign settlement at Yokohama, a privilege at that time exclusively accorded to diplomats of the Treaty Powers, to obtain subjects for his pen and pencil in quarters inaccessible to the ordinary inquirer." Though Japan is now thrown open to foreigners, Mr. Humbert's work loses none of its interest. The engravings are as interesting as they are numerous, and set forth more clearly than any other work that we have seen the every-day life of the Japanese. It would have been well, however, if to each engraving a reference had been given to the page which it illustrates. The picture of a Respectable Tea House, for instance, can hardly bear on the introduction of Buddhism into Japan, though the two subjects are illustrated, one by the pencil, the other by the pen, on the same page; while "Bakers Pounding Rice" can at the best only in a very far-fetched and symbolical manner be imagined to be connected with the invasion of the Mongols. The narrative is copious, and in itself very interesting, though it suffers greatly from its French dress still clinging to it in a very awkward manner. Mr. Humbert certainly deserved a translator who knows not only French, but also English.

The Life and Habits of Wild Animals. Illustrated by designs by Joseph Wolf; engraved by J. W. and Edward Whymper. With descriptive letterpress by D. G. Elliot, F.L.S., F.Z.S. (Macmillan). Mr. Edward Whymper, one of the two engravers of this interesting work, assures us in the preface that "scientific naturalists consider that Mr. Wolf's power of delineating specific characters is simply unrivalled," and that "Mr. Elliot, the author of the accompanying descriptive letterpress, is a citizen of the United States, and is well known among naturalists from his superb monographs." When Mr. Whymper so politely and so generously thus praises the German artist and the American author, it would have been only proper for them in their turn each to have written a preface by way of reciprocity, and each to have taken one of the brother engravers as the subject of his high praises. Mr. Whymper happily might very well have spared his praises, for the engravings at once speak for themselves, while Mr. Elliot's narrative is soon seen to be judicious and interesting. Though it seems as if photography would supplant the engraver's art, without however filling its place, yet we cannot but hope that, so long as there are found such artists as Mr. Wolf and the Messrs. Whymper to bring out such books as the one before us, so long there will be found a public with taste enough to reward them liberally for their efforts.

History of the Ceramic Art, by Albert Jacquemart. Translated by Mrs. Bury Palliser (Sampson Low and Co.). The illustrations with which this work is abundantly illustrated are very interesting, while the "twelve engravings in aquafortis by Jules Jacquemart" are admirably executed. All who delight in the potter's art will find in this treatise all the information that they could desire; for potteries of all ages and climes are treated of, from those of "Ramenkhepar, an honest public functionary of Egypt, dating 3850 years before the Christian era," to those of "Zachariah Barnes, the last potter of Liverpool." The translator in her preface says "that the question arose whether to make a free or a literal translation. The latter has been decided upon, though at the risk of retaining much of the French idiom. Any attempt to modify the enthusiasm and nationality of the author would take from the spirit of the book." The author should have remembered that enthusiasm and nationality cannot help getting modified in a translation, in whatever way it is made. As for the spirit of the book, it has, we fear, almost disappeared in the literal rendering. May we not apply to the translator a motto which will come home to every potter:—

Amphora cepit

Institui, corrente rota cur urceus exit?

The Book of Modern Anecdotes; American, Legal, Theatrical, edited by Howard Paul, John Timbs, and Percy Fitzgerald (Routledge). We have here, we are told, a collection of Humour, Wit, and Wisdom. Mr. Howard Paul, who edits the American portion of the book, ought to be a good judge of all three, as we read that he once made a remark in which, whatever humour there may be, there is just as much, we will undertake to say, of wit and wisdom. "Howard Paul," writes Mr. Howard Paul, "being

asked what was the first thing necessary towards winning the love of a woman, replied 'an opportunity.' Mr. Fitzgerald kindly assists his readers in their enjoyment of the jokes he provides for them. He quotes an epigram of Garrick's, and with much obligingness adds, "There is real 'fun' in these neat lines, and it is almost impossible to repeat them without a laugh." Mr. Timbs's portion of the work is the best done, but even here we have two stories about Lord Ellenborough given twice over, within two pages, though in somewhat different words.

Common Wayside Flowers, by Thomas Miller. With illustrations by Birket Foster; printed in colours by Edmund Evans (Routledge). This work is prettily written and prettily illustrated. We wish, however, that the process by which the printing in colours is performed could have been made to give just a hint of the scent of spring flowers. It is hard for the imagination to do full justice to Mr. Birket Foster's graceful designs, when there is so strong a smell of oil or naphtha. This, however, will no doubt soon pass away. We wonder, by the way, that Mr. Miller, in attempting to account for what he calls "the great mystery" of the luxuriant growth of colt's-foot in a new railway cutting, should ask "Is there something peculiarly attractive in these new soils, which draws down the myriads of seeds that are supposed to be continually floating in the air?" Before he makes up his mind to fall back on "peculiar attraction," he had better study the *Origin of Species*.

The New Illustrated Natural History, by Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. (Routledge). We have given us in this large handsome volume an abridgment of Mr. Wood's *Illustrated Natural History* in three volumes. Though the work is an abridgment, yet is it large enough to contain a great amount of information. Mr. Wood's style is simple and clear, not too hard for the young, not too condescending in its easiness for the old. The work is abundantly illustrated "with designs by Wolf, Zwecker, Weir, Coleman, Harvey, and others; engraved by the brothers Dalziel." Few among the Christmas books which have as yet come before our notice would interest a larger class of readers than this popular book of Natural History.

The Pet Lamb Picture Book. With twenty-four pages of illustrations, printed in colours by Kronheim and Co. (Routledge). It is too bad to take Wordsworth's beautiful poem of the "Pet Lamb," and make it give a name to these gaudy daubs. If the illustrator had taken the trouble to read the poem, he would have seen that "the slender cord" with which the lamb "was tethered to a stone" was not a thick hempen rope, but a "woollen chain." By what stretch of the imagination, moreover, is Barbara's father, the Westmoreland shepherd, represented as wearing a bright Scotch tartan?

Poems, Songs, and Ballads of the Sea, compiled and arranged by Charles Bruce (Nimmo). This collection seems to have been judiciously made, and will, we have no doubt, be popular. Songs about the sea can scarcely fail to be attractive to English boys, or indeed to Englishmen.

Stories of Enterprise and Adventure (Seeley and Co.) This little book contains a very interesting "selection of authentic narratives." The editor has not, as editors so often do, given what has often been given before. He has evidently read a good many books of travels, and has picked out what he knew would be interesting, and at the same time, to most of his readers, quite fresh. He not only gives a short piece of pleasant reading, but he shows where pleasant reading is to be found. Any one who reads, for instance, "A Night among the Arabs" will have a strong wish to read Miss Rogers's *Domestic Life in Palestine*, from which it is taken.

The Problem of Pythagoras, by W. Marshall Adams, B.A., late Fellow of New College, Oxford (Mead and Co.) "In this problem," says the author, "the reasoning of Euclid in the 47th proposition of the First Book is brought directly home both to the eye and to the mind." A boy who finds Euclid very hard—and how few boys do not—would, we are sure, see some of his difficulties at once cleared away by the use of Mr. Adams's ingenious diagram. While it will be found to be very useful, it has all the merits of an amusing puzzle.

Pictures by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. Engraved on steel, with historical and critical descriptions, and a short biographical sketch of the author by James Dafforne (Virtue and Co.) This handsome volume contains thirteen engravings from Mr. Stanfield's most important works. Mr. Dafforne tells us that, "for the sake of classification," he has divided them into "home scenes, marine views—that is, on the open sea—and foreign scenery." Of each of these styles he gives three or four specimens. The engravings are interesting and well executed, and Mr. Dafforne has on the whole done his part well, though the style of the biographical sketch would have been better if some of the sentences had been broken up into two or three.

Daily Help for Daily Need, edited by Mary G. Shipley (Seeley). This book contains "a selection of Scripture, verses and poetry for every day of the year." The selection seems to have been made with judgment and taste, so far as we can form an opinion, though we cannot pretend to decide whether the text and poem given for each one day are specially suited to that day. The editor, we notice, has the modesty to give one of her own poems as the proper reading for the 29th of February. She might otherwise have easily aroused the jealousy of some brother poet who would have found that one of his pieces was only thought worthy of being read once in every four years.

Messrs. Routledge have brought out a very handsome edition of the *Christian Year*, well printed, elegantly bound, and fully

"illustrated by Sir John Gilbert, Robert Barnes, W. B. Scott, H. C. Selous, Mr. Small, and other eminent artists." Among the other eminent artists, by the way, are Guido, John Jellicoe, and Raffaele. The illustrations are of course of very unequal power, and while some are very poor, others are all that could be desired.

Sketches of Highland Character, illustrated by W. R. (Edmonston and Douglas). The sketches are very dull, and the illustrations are very vulgar. The author takes as his motto the line, "A chiel's amang ye takin' notes." We wish he had stopped short with his sketches as he has stopped short with his quotation, and had not gone on "to prent it."

Half-Hours with the Best French Authors. With twenty-four illustrations, from designs by Emile Bayard (Seeley and Co.) In this moderate-sized volume are given "short passages from some of the most celebrated prose writers translated into English." The passages have been well selected, and the English much less clearly than usual betrays the fact that it is a translation. The designs, though by no means equal, are yet far better than we generally meet with in such volumes as these.

Aunt Louisa's National Album (Warne). "The National Album," we read, "has received its name from containing, first, two of our oldest National Nursery Stories, and next, two modern ones which are especially 'national,' because they relate to our children—the hope of the nation—and that faithful animal for which Britain has been famous ever since the days of Cæsar." Cæsar, we remember, does mention the goose. Perhaps in Aunt Louisa's edition of the Commentaries the dog comes in. Next year we may hope to see the Universal Album so called from containing first the story of the Cow jumping over the Moon, and next the song of Goosy, Goosy, Gander, which is especially universal because it relates to that animal which, with apple sauce, has been universally enjoyed in Britain ever since the days of Cæsar, when the Romans, as we may well suppose, first taught the Britons that it might be lawfully eaten.

Good Little Children, adapted from the French of P. J. Stahl. With thirty-two illustrations, from designs by L. Frölich (Seeley and Co.) Though the drawing of these illustrations is not very good, yet there is a good deal of humour in the designs. Good little children are led along the right path in the pleasantest of all ways. They are shown what they ought not to do. We trust that if this book gets into every nursery, no child hereafter will be found, like the naughty children in its pages, to drive nails into looking-glasses, or to set the house on fire by playing with matches.

As a companion to this book, the same publishers give us *Davie and Dot, their Pranks and Pastimes*, adapted from the same French author, with designs by E. Froment. The same moral lessons are taught in the same moral way. Poor little Dot has not as yet learnt that "it is really not proper to drink water out of shoes," and so tumbles into a brook, while Davie smashes Dot's fingers, his own toes, and the looking-glass.

The Children's Pleasure Book. With 250 illustrations (Virtue and Co.) The author of a set of papers in this book entitled "Pictures from History" says that "every one ought to be very careful to read history, because ignorance of it leads a great many people into serious blunders." It is needful not only to read history, we would observe, but also to understand it, otherwise all that the reading will do will be to render the blunders more serious than ever. This writer, for instance, has read deep enough to know of Senlac; but yet, when telling how William demanded that Harold should fulfil a promise to marry his daughter, he says that "two obstacles presented themselves," the second of which was that "Parliaments were now established, and a king could not marry a foreigner without Parliamentary sanction." Of a truth a little of Mr. Freeman's learning is a very dangerous thing.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. GARNIER PAGES has just published another volume* of his interesting History of the Revolution of 1848; it describes the insurrection of June and the events which led to the dictatorship of General Cavaignac. Although he is an uncompromising champion of the Republic and a firm believer in the vitality of Republican institutions on the other side of the Channel, M. Garnier Pages cannot, of course, refuse to acknowledge that the revolution which he himself so energetically helped to bring about was a signal failure. But he ascribes this failure to the timidity of some, and the wild theories of others. Whilst, he says, the Socialist school wished to push on the new Republic to the most subversive measures, many honest but over-cautious democrats almost dreaded the consequences of their own success. Want of unity among the victors of February thus paralysed their efforts, and at the same time left the field open for the Royalists on the one side and the Bonapartists on the other. M. Garnier Pages does full justice to the courage with which General Cavaignac crushed the insurrection; but he finds fault with him as a statesman for assuming that there was no other alternative for him but to lean for support upon what was called the "Club de la rue de Poitiers," if he did not choose to endorse the politics of Messrs. Ledru-Rollin, Caussidière, and Louis Blanc.

If it is difficult even now to write impartially the history of the events of 1848, the task becomes harder still when we come down

* *Histoire de la révolution de 1848*. Par M. Garnier Pages. Vol. II. Paris: Pagnerre.

to the years 1870-71, and to the days of the third Republic. Here the only safe course to follow is to collect from the newspapers every incident which may help to explain the situation of the country; the author must be satisfied to accept the position of a compiler, and to amass materials which may be worked into an artistic shape when the violence of party spirit shall have somewhat subsided. This is the view adopted by M. Maquert in the bulky and closely printed volume now before us.* It is a perfect cyclopædia of facts; it is a collection of cuttings from the newspapers, and a farrago of anecdotes borrowed from all quarters. The index and the tables which terminate it are extremely useful; without them it would be utterly impossible to find one's way through such an accumulation of details. M. Maquert is a Belgian, and his volume is published at Brussels.

The sketches collected by M. Schérer† deserve to be saved from oblivion much more than most volumes of the same kind, which were originally nothing but newspaper *feuilletons*. They are remarkable equally as criticisms of popular authors and as moral studies. The editor of the *Temps* rises far above the level of ordinary journalists, and he does not worship at the altar of success. We here allude chiefly to the essays on M. Alexandre Dumas, M. Veuillot, and M. Baudelaire. In describing the development of the Romantic school of literature and art, he has the great merit of saying plainly and unreservedly what many persons have thought long ago, but what they were afraid of acknowledging, lest they should be classed amongst the "Philistines." It is of no use to conceal the fact that the Romantic crusade must be looked upon as a failure, because the French of the present day are like the Romans of the Lower Empire, and no powerful manifestation in art or literature can take place when the public is reduced to an audience of *amateurs blasés*.

If we must have *histoires goguenardes*, let us go at once to the fountain-head and procure the true masterpieces of the kind. Such is the idea which has suggested to M. Charles Louandre his *Chefs-d'œuvre des conteurs français*.‡ It is an excellent one; but the title of the book does not give a fair idea of its contents. Instead of placing before us a few complete specimens of the old *conteurs*, M. Louandre has aimed at something more ambitious; and as, on the other hand, he wished to limit himself to one volume, he is necessarily very incomplete. The scope of his publication included not only *fabliaux* and short tales, but metrical romances like the *Chanson de Roland*; for his design was to illustrate the whole history of imaginative literature from the earliest times to the seventeenth century, and the readers he had in view were the general public, who are not well acquainted with French mediæval literature. Accordingly he gives mere extracts of productions such as the *Roman de Renart*, always modernizing the language till he comes to the Reformation era. The biographical and critical notices, with the indexes and notes, are carefully done, and in some cases a full summary gives us an idea of the story from which the extracts are taken. M. Louandre has also written a very interesting preface on the history of French tales and romances. He begins with the large metrical compositions such as the *chansons de geste*, and the cycle of the Round Table; he then goes on to the satirical works of which Reynard the Fox is the principal representative, and he concludes with the *fabliaux* and *joyeux devis*, so amusing as evidences of the *esprit gaulois*, but often so thoroughly objectionable.

Italy also was tolerably rich in productions of the *joyeuseté* class, especially during the fifteenth century. The clergy of those days in Rome, in Florence, and in Naples, were not so completely absorbed by their duties that they could not find time for the composition of *facetia e burle*, and we might easily make up a long list of such authors, even not including Arlotto, whose collection of anecdotes has been translated into French by M. Ristelhuber.§ We must here acknowledge that, compared with Poggio, Boccaccio, and Straparola, Arlotto sinks into decided inferiority; but his anecdotes must not be overlooked by the historian of literature, and if a translation of them was necessary, no one could be found more competent to the task than M. Ristelhuber.

M. Menier¶ seeks to reform the fiscal system now established in France. He complains of the routine which still prevails everywhere, and he is astonished that the Republican Government should persist in retaining what he pronounces to be the absurd and dangerous principles of the old financial *régime*. He does not object to a property-tax, an income-tax, or a tax upon furniture, but he violently denounces the stamp, customs, and patent duties as opposed to the most elementary laws of political economy. All these sources of revenue he would cut off at once, replacing them by a tax upon capital, which, he says, could be easily assessed without in the slightest degree violating the principles of justice, whilst it would bring into the national treasury much more than the sum collected at present amidst difficulties of every kind. Finance is certainly an easy science in the hands of reformers who begin with confiscation.

The little book contributed by M. Bertauld¶¶ to M. Germer-

* *La France et l'Europe pendant le siège de Paris*. Par M. P. Maquert. Bruxelles: Mesquardt.

† *Études sur la littérature contemporaine*. Par Ed. Schérer. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Chefs-d'œuvre des conteurs français avant La Fontaine, avec introduction*, &c. Par Charles Louandre. Paris: Charpentier.

§ *Les contes et facettes d'Arlozzo de Florence, avec introduction et notes*. Par P. Ristelhuber. Paris: Lemerre.

¶ *La réforme fiscale*. Par Menier. Paris: Guillaumin.

¶¶ *L'ordre social et l'ordre moral*. Par A. Bertauld. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

Baillière's *Bibliothèque de philosophie contemporaine* rests upon the principle of the complete separation of Church and State, and of the most absolute freedom of conscience. The author's peculiar tenets place him, however, at an equal distance from the thinkers of the spiritualist school, and from the champions of what is called *la morale indépendante*, or ethics viewed as not necessarily influenced or leavened by religion. With the former, he assigns as the substratum of all morality the reason and the justice of God; with the latter, he thinks that respect for human freedom is the origin of law, but he refuses to admit that liberty is the source of morality.

The new treatises published by Messrs. Clavel and Saleta are written from the standpoint of positivism, and endeavour to deduce from that system a code of morality and a system of logic. M. Clavel* fancies that the laws of ethics vary according to times and seasons; and he would fain make us believe that moral precepts which sufficed for the welfare of society in days gone by are no longer applicable. His sketch of history viewed in its connexion with ethical science is clever enough; but it is deplorably one-sided, and he shares the error of those reformers who accuse religion of crimes and errors for which it cannot be fairly held responsible. M. Saleta's treatise of logic not being yet completed†, it would be useless to attempt an estimate of it here. We may notice, however, that according to this writer, in the first place, induction is the only means by which we can acquire any knowledge of real and sensible things; secondly, this source of knowledge, by its very nature, can never give us absolute certainty, and its conclusions can only possess that so-called moral certainty which depends upon our feelings and inclinations. M. Saleta, we thus see, leads us to scepticism, and the second title of his book is amply justified.

We lately described the new Mantchu Grammar published by M. Adam; we have now to notice a similar work on the Japanese language‡, for which we are indebted to M. Léon de Rosny. The author, in his introduction, speaks of the efforts made at various times to unravel the difficulties of that language, and he refers more particularly to the great work of Professor Hoffman of Leyden. The book before us is intended for persons who wish to obtain an accurate knowledge of Japanese as it is spoken now, and therefore its object is altogether different from that of the Dutch philologist; besides the grammatical rules, it gives us a few phrases by way of specimen, to show what are the peculiarities of the colloquial language, the written language, and the epistolary style—three forms so widely apart from each other that they have sometimes been considered as so many distinct idioms. Facsimiles of handwriting complete the volume, which forms the second part of a practical course of works on the Japanese language. M. de Rosny's present treatise was composed originally for the pupils who attend the lectures at the Government school of Eastern languages in Paris.

M. Maisonneuve has published a new edition of the Abbé Van Drival's *Grammaire comparée des langues bibliques*§, which first came out twenty years ago; or it would be perhaps more correct to say that he has begun the publication of this new edition. It may not be out of place to state briefly here the Abbé Van Drival's argument. Following in the footsteps of the late Dr. Lamb, Dean of Bristol, and of the late M. Prinsep, he traces back all Semitic languages to the hieroglyphic alphabet of Egypt. This is going further than the English scholars just named, who confined themselves to Hebrew, and limited to that language the theory so widely extended by M. Van Drival. The second edition of the *Grammaire comparée* differs from the first, not by the introduction of any fresh views, but by the development and further application of the idea maintained and illustrated in the first. Instead of a few letters only being shown to have been originally derived from the Egyptian, we find the identity of nineteen out of twenty-two confidently maintained, whilst that of the three remaining ones is treated as more than probable. The work before us also discusses the origin of writing, and forms a kind of introduction to the grammar, properly so called.

The history of geographical science, so ably treated by M. Vivien de Saint-Martin||, is one of the most useful books which the present month has brought before us; it begins with the earliest times and takes us down to the recent discoveries of Sir S. Baker and Dr. Livingstone. As M. de Saint-Martin remarks, geography is specially the science of the Aryan and Semitic races, for they alone possess the two qualities of assimilation and expansion which lead to geographical discovery through the natural tendency to emigrate and to colonize. Even the Chinese know little beyond the boundaries of their own empire, and the African tribes care for nothing outside the forests or marshes which supply them with game and other food. The ground explored by M. Vivien de Saint-Martin is very extensive, and the accounts given of so many celebrated travellers and geographers must necessarily be brief; but at the same time they are sufficiently complete. A concluding chapter is devoted to a brief summary of the present state of geographical science, its latest results, and

* *La morale positive*. Par le Dr. Clavel. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *Principes de logique positive, ou traité de scepticisme positif*. Par F. Saleta. 1^{re} partie. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Éléments de la grammaire japonaise*. Par Léon de Rosny. Paris: Maisonneuve.

§ *Grammaire comparée des langues bibliques*. Par M. l'abbé Van Drival. Paris: Maisonneuve.

|| *Histoire de la géographie*. Par M. Vivien de Saint-Martin. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

its desiderata; an historical atlas of twelve maps, beautifully drawn, adds much to the value of the work.

Dr. Fred. Höfer's *Histoire de l'astronomie** forms part of a general undertaking which we have often had occasion to recommend to our readers. Not only does it give biographical details respecting the principal astronomers, but it explains their systems, discusses the additions respectively made by them to science, and ends with an interesting sketch of the present state of astronomical knowledge. Dr. Höfer combines the varied attainments of a scientific investigator with the qualities of a popular writer.

Books of travels do not abound so much this month as usual. We may notice, however, a very interesting one by M. Henri Johanet†; it is half scientific, half descriptive, and professes to give us an account of a journey to Naples and the neighbourhood—the locality where the approach to the infernal regions was supposed to be. Some of our readers may perhaps remember that Bonstetten composed so long ago as 1804 the narrative of a *Voyage pittoresque sur le théâtre des six derniers livres de l'Énéide*. Following the example set by the Swiss archaeologist, M. Johanet has written a picturesque commentary on the episode of the Trojan hero's descent into the abode of the dead. His book, which must have cost him a great deal of research, is completed by a chapter on Virgil's tomb and on the traditions connected with it; and finally Torquato Tasso finds an appropriate place in this unpretending but delightful duodecimo. M. Johanet could scarcely visit Naples without going on to Sorrento, and the two poets of ancient and modern Italy are thus pleasantly united. An elegantly engraved map shows the journey undertaken by Æneas in company with the Sibyl.

M. Jacoliot's *Voyage au pays des Bayadères*‡ leads us from Egypt to India and Ceylon. Anxious, no doubt, to secure as many readers as possible, the author has been lavish in his descriptions of the dancing women both of Cairo and of the far East, and he gives us a rather melancholy idea of the state of degradation to which the sex is reduced in those countries. Let us add that his account of the French settlers is more lamentable still; if we may believe him, they quickly become enervated under the influences of Eastern civilization and Eastern climate; they give themselves up exclusively to pleasure, and soon forget all the ties which connected them with Europe. M. Jacoliot is an intense admirer of India; according to him, the accounts we read about the cholera and its ravages are wonderfully exaggerated; as for the dangers which one runs from the bite of venomous serpents, they must be considered perfectly absurd. Next to this engorgement for life on the banks of the Ganges is M. Jacoliot's hatred of the English. He acknowledges indeed that, taking the natives of perfidious Albion individually, they are honest and upright; some of them are his firmest friends, and in the ordinary dealings of society he has found them blameless; but as a nation, we regret to learn, they cannot be trusted.

The *Revue Suisse*, which sends forth its usual quantum of interesting and amusing articles §, serves to remind us that a number of writers exist who are scarcely entitled to the name of French, because they were not actually born in France, but who put the idioms of Racine, Molière, and Chateaubriand to a far better use than many of the *littérateurs* residing in Paris or its immediate neighbourhood. There is, for example, M. Ernest Naville, the learned editor of *Maine de Biran*, and one of the most distinguished representatives of spiritualist philosophy; and again, M. Marc Monnier, whose poems are so thoroughly stamped with the marks of genius, humour, and good taste. M. Rambert is another distinguished essayist well deserving a place in this class of writers. Under the title *Les Alpes suisses* ||, he has already published several volumes of miscellaneous pieces both in verse and prose, and the fourth series, which is now before us, is a very fair specimen of his abilities. The greater part of the book is occupied by poetry, but we also remark two or three entertaining chapters of less ambitious pretensions, and one especially on the relations existing between Switzerland, Germany, and France. M. Rambert dwells at considerable length upon the causes which have tended to separate, intellectually, the native country of Voltaire from that of Rousseau; and he names as the principal ones, first, the rejection of Protestantism by France; and, secondly, the development of the spirit of centralization. On the other hand, the absence of these elements of discord has helped in a high degree to knit together Switzerland and Germany; the connexion has never been broken, and both Goethe and Schiller, to name only these two, reflect very strikingly in their works the moral atmosphere of Switzerland.

We receive from Germany a pamphlet¶ written in French, and which we consider therefore as legitimate game for us. It treats of the legend of William Tell, already noticed by us a long time ago *à propos* of Mr. Rilliet's volume, and the author, M. Sonnenschein, places himself at the same point of view. Discussing the origin of the legend, he shows its mythical character, and its utter want of historic truth. In the first place, between the time when the heroic act of William Tell is supposed to have occurred and the year 1470, when it was first recorded, an

interval of one hundred and sixty years elapsed; and, as M. Sonnenschein remarks, no tradition could have preserved itself for so long a period unaltered. The same may be said of the alleged cruelties of Gessler and Landenberg; moreover it would be absurd to suppose that the Swiss Constitution was the result of a conspiracy hastily got up by thirty men. It sprang from the combination of several causes, the majority of which did not even originate in the cantons, although the Swiss may justly claim the merit of having perseveringly carried out the idea of throwing off a foreign yoke.

The elegant volume published in *memoriam* of Théophile Gautier* contains poetical effusions of unequal merit by authors some of whom are very little known beyond the limits of their native country. The most remarkable, in one sense, are the lines written in French by Mr. Swinburne; the skill with which he has caught the ring of modern French poetry is extremely noteworthy. As for Théophile Gautier himself, whatever may be at present his merits in point of mere style, they must inevitably lose much when quaintness of diction and metrical elegance cease to be regarded as the only essentials of poetry.

* *Le tombeau de Théophile Gautier*. Paris: Lemerre.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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* *Histoire de l'astronomie*. Par le Dr. F. Höfer. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Une descente aux enfers—Virgile et le Tasse*. Par Henri Johanet. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Voyage au pays des Bayadères*. Par Louis Jacoliot. Paris: Dentu.

§ *Bibliothèque universelle et revue suisse*. Nov. 1873. Lausanne: Bridel.

|| *Les Alpes suisses*. Par E. Rambert. Bâle: Georg.

¶ *La tradition de Tell*. Par C. F. Sonnenschein. Dresden: Schörrf.

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1 Gravy Spoon.....	6 .	8 6 .	9 .
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls.....	3 .	4 .	4 6 .
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl.....	1 6 .	2 6 .	2 3 .
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs.....	2 6 .	3 6 .	4 .
1 Pair of Fish Carvers.....	12 9 .	1 3 6 .	1 4 6 .
1 Butter Knife.....	2 9 .	3 6 .	3 9 .
1 Soup Ladle.....	9 .	11 .	12 .
1 Sugar Sifter.....	3 .	4 .	4 .

Total..... 9 5 6 12 6 6 13 3 .

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